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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Some Observations In Reply  
To Letter From English  
Reader Of Chronicle

Elsewhere in this issue of The Chronicle I am asking the editor to reproduce, in extense and verbatim, a letter that I have received from an English reader, temporarily resident in Washington, D. C., in which he takes me to task for some observations which I passed in this department after the receipt of a letter from an English friend overseas.

The latter had written me that he was not allowed to send any money to America to subscribe to any of its turf journals, so only occasionally was able to get hold of one that by hook or crook found its way to England and to his hands. In making mention of this I said that with the fact in evidence, it was giving us more light upon the repeal of the "Jersey Act" which some American horsemen are hoping for—for if British citizens were not allowed to subscribe to American periodicals, was there any likelihood that the General Stud Book would be thrown open to American Thoroughbreds?

My correspondent, Mr. John W. Waller, reviews both these matters in a letter obviously meant for publication and readily accorded it.

This is the second time I have drawn the fire of Britons now resident in Washington by my comments upon the inter-relations of England and America in Thoroughbred affairs.

About two years ago I was very severely taken to task by one of the corps who wrote, not to me but to the Editor of The Chronicle, who published his letter on the editorial page. My reply to it drew from him a second letter in which he virtually admitted that he had been making assertions regarding facts about which he was not informed, was writing at random, and making accusations which did not square with the facts. Now Mr. Waller takes up the task of putting me in my place.

I might write at great length in discussing the matters under examination—but have no intention of doing so. The odds are too great. Two years ago it was stated that there were then over 6,000 British propagandists resident in Washington alone, that there were thousands of others resident in New York, and thousands of others scattered all over the country, all busy in behalf of their national interests. The total number of them was estimated

## The Rebel Wins Hunter Class At Pinehurst, N. C.

By Martha Fletcher

The Washington's Birthday show, held in Pinehurst, North Carolina Sunday, February 25, was a great success and brought out many good hunters and jumpers. It was a beautiful spring day and a thousand or more spectators enjoyed the glorious sunshine while watching the horses and children compete in the various events.

First in the program was the horsemanship class with 18 contestants of varying ages up to 12 years, the blue going to Donald Wallace.

Next was the costume class which was very colorful and amusing. The group entry of Mrs. Alan Robson, Mrs. W. O. Moss and Mrs. K. B. Schley, Jr., took 1st. Second went to Joan Walsh, 3rd John Daughtridge.

The open jumping class had 16 good horses competing over a figure eight of various obstacles. The Prince, owned by Lt. G. N. Saegmuller, and John Daughtridge's The Rebel jumped off at 4'-6". The Rebel, well ridden by Mrs. K. B. Schley, Jr., once again cleared the bars in faultless style to defeat The Prince, Mrs. W. O. Moss riding, by half a fault. Third went to Gold Star, owned and ridden by Joan Walsh.

The games as usual were of great interest. Buddy Jellison won the

Continued on page Seventeen

## Good Horses Do Come In All Sizes, Shapes And Colors

In England, they list many different colorings of Thoroughbreds, but in this country they are limited to bay, chestnut, brown, black, dun, gray, and roan. There have been many debates as to which particular color boasts the biggest number of outstanding horses, but the more one looks into it, the more he gets back to that old expression—"good horses come in all sizes, shapes and colors." Taking the twenty-five outstanding juveniles as listed in the recent booklet "Two-Year Olds of 1944" issued by the Thoroughbred Racing Associations, we find that nine were bay, seven chestnut, seven brown and two black. There was not a gray youngster in the group, but that is not surprising, for the number of grays, as compared to the other colors, is comparatively few and duns and roans are rarer still.

While those that were bay had the greatest number, those of brown coloring predominated in class, for, on that list were the three unbeaten juveniles, Pavot, Free For All and Burg-el-Arab. Among chestnuts were the 2-year-old filly champion, Bushrider, and we might add Pot o'Luck and Plebiscite. Chestnut is a whole color and of these, three shades may be named—bright, golden and red. Man o'War was often called Big Red for the reason that he is a red

Continued on Page Sixteen

## Prospects Good For Hunt Racing When War Ends

Most Clubs Plan To Start  
Their Races Again When  
Hostilities Cease

By George W. Orton

From "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands"; from the cold and wintry winds of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands to the sweltering heat of Timbuctoo or the malarial jungles of Burma; from the heat on the plains of Luzon to the snows and cold of the Western Front,—indeed from every quarter in which our men are found in this global war, comes word that they hope to return to find their favorite sport or sports being carried on. This hope obtains from the lowest in their ranks to those highest in command. Whether these hopes and expectations are in line with the recent flat of Mr. Byrnes, we do not wish to discuss, except to state that, by inference, he has cast a stigma on the horsemen of this country. The fact of the matter is and it holds just as true for all of the British Dominions, horsemen in all wars have invariably been among the first to enlist and to a greater average degree than any other class in the country.

In spite of the fact that so many horsemen, many of whom are fox hunters, are in the various Services, hunting has been carried on, though greatly curtailed. This great sport will very quickly re-establish itself on a pre-war basis when hostilities cease. The war, however, hit hunt racing very hard due to gasoline rationing and other factors. In several instances, the hunt race meetings had to be discontinued until after the war as practically all those who had managed the meetings were in the Service. For the past two years, Rose Tree, Middleburg and Montpelier were the only clubs to carry on. In the case of Rose Tree, to my knowledge and likewise for Middleburg, the meetings were made possible through the generosity and enthusiasm of the United Hunts Racing Association. This great Association has carried on even more notably than before the war the Races which they hold annually. Indeed, their race days are of wonderful interest and of the greatest importance to the sport. They have again announced that they stand ready to give financial aid to any hunt clubs that desire to give meetings. If the ban on racing is rescinded in time, no doubt Rose Tree and Middleburg

## RACING IN RUSSIA

By Samuel J. Henry

The Russians go for running and harness races on the same day at the same track. The former are called "sit down races" and as many as 170,000 persons attend, the bar wide open and the usual group never seeing a single event as race after race is run off. (Just like the Kentucky Derby). In August the regular Russian Derby is run for.

Last year Capt. Arthur Cox of the British Military Mission won 48,000 rubles on the race. But he had to pick both the first and second horses to do it. The pay off naturally was at tremendous odds. (Sort of a daily double on one race).

The program gives many details on the horses and there are fourteen races on a day's sport. After the big event, the bands play and the crowd rushes out with armloads of flowers, which they place around the trainer's neck, not the

horse's. And the trainer gets the 10,000 ruble Derby purse, too.

The latter custom will be of great interest to owners in the U. S. A. and also attract the attention of trainers, we imagine.

### Short Shots

When the redoubtable Doctor Samuel Johnson wrote his famous dictionary, some two hundred years ago, he defined "oats" thus: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

And when he came to "fetlock" the ponderous Samuel had this to say: "Fetlock—the knee of a horse". Taken to task for the inaccuracy, old Sam, one of the most learned men of his day, replied, "Ignorance, sir, plain ignorance."

Thought for today: Good manners and a sporting spirit round off

Continued on Page Seventeen

Continued on Page Sixteen

# Hunting Notes:



## Some Friends From America

By A. Henry Higginson

### CHAPTER TWELVE

"I'm not going to have that woman in my house any more. I don't like her," said Alice angrily, as Mrs. Welland took her departure after dinner that night.

"Why not?" said Dick Chetland, who was staying with them. "I thought she was very good company; she's evidently been about a bit; she's got plenty to say; and they tell me that she's a first-class woman to hounds, and never in anyone's way. What have you got against her, Alice?"

"Well, I don't like the set she's making at Jack, for one thing. She paid absolutely no attention to anyone else at dinner tonight; and even if he is Master, that's not a very civil way to behave the first time she comes into my house. After all, there were some other people at the dinner table. I thought he behaved rather outrageously too. He ought to have paid some attention to Anne Hardy, on his other side."

Jack came into the room. He had been escorting Miss Hardy and Mrs. Welland to the door. "What's that you say, Alice?" he said. "You don't like our fair guest, eh?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "She may be a good sportswoman but I don't like her sort. If you like her, by all means amuse yourself with her, but don't bring her into the house again, please."

"All right. All right," said Jack soothingly; "don't fly off the handle. If it comes to that, you know, it was you who asked her to dinner tonight—not I. I'll admit that Mrs. Welland is a bit flamboyant—and she may have a past—that makes her all the more interesting. Why damn the poor woman just because of that. Wait till she does something to hurt you. Come, old girl; don't be cross now I thought we had a very pleasant little dinner, didn't you?"

But Alice was not to be appeased. She had taken a dislike to her guest of the evening, and she didn't mind showing it. "Well, I didn't like the way she talked at all," she said. "However, I suppose, as the wife of a Master of Hounds, it's my duty to be civil to all the people who hunt with us; and if you think it's up to me, I'll continue to treat her with civility; but, mark my words, she'll do something that you won't like any better than I do; before many days are out—jump on one of your hounds, or cross you at a fence. You wait and see."

"Well, old girl, maybe she will; but, for Heaven's sake, let's drop it

now. Tell me, what have you done about the opening meet here on Tuesday?"

"Well—Burton and I have got it all worked out," his wife said, "As you know, the Northwold Opening Meet always has been here, so Burton has had to face this situation before now. Your meet is at 11:00 o'clock, isn't it? I suppose you'll give us fifteen minutes' law on the Opening Day. They tell me your Uncle always used to do that."

"Yes," said Jack, "I believe he did. That's time enough; we ought to find a fox in The Larches anyway; Fowler hasn't drawn them for three weeks now, so as to be sure of a find there on the Opening Day. Have you got anybody coming to stay with us?"

"I hadn't up to an hour ago," said his wife. "But I've just had a telephone message from Harvey Jackson—you remember him, don't you? He's just come over from America to spend three months and wants to get some hunting."

"Of course I remember him," said Jack. "I met him three years ago, in the Blankshire Country. I didn't know you knew him, Alice. He's years younger than we are. You remember—his father was at the Match in Virginia. Did you ask him down here? He's a nice boy."

"I did," said Alice. "I told him to bring his horses and, if he liked the hunting here, I thought maybe we could find him a little place nearby that he could hire for the season. But of course he's coming here for the first week. Is that all right by you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I'm delighted; I always like the boy immensely. When is he coming?"

"Tomorrow," said Alice, "he's leaving London by the 9:00 o'clock train. They wouldn't take his horsebox on the express and he wanted to come by the train which carried that. They ought to be at the station about 5:00."

"How many horses is he bringing?" asked Jack. "Do you know?"

"He sent six over from America last month; but I think he's only got four now. His agent sold two to someone over here—he didn't tell me who it was. I told him I'd be-speak four boxes at the Inn for him, we haven't got any room in our stables and, anyway, I didn't think you'd want outside horses coming in; they might bring colds or anything else,—see what a wise stable manager you've got, Jack! Well—let's go to bed." She came over to her husband. "I'm sorry I was cross

about Mrs. Welland, dear," She said, "She just made me mad, that's all."

Jack kissed her. "That's all right old girl; let's forget it. She doesn't count, anyway."

Harvey Jackson and his horses arrived the next afternoon. He as a breezy young American; very keen, and Jack had always enjoyed his company when he had hunted with the Blankshire in former years. At that time he had stayed with Jack on several occasions, and the two had grown to know and like each other. Although a good many years younger than the Master, a close friendship had sprung up between the two men, and when the latter had written him of his marriage to Alice Topsfield, he had made up his mind to pay them a surprise visit at their old home in the Blankshire Country. On reaching London, he had telephoned down there, only to be told, by Helen West, of the change in Jack's fortunes; and it was at her suggestion that he had called up Alice and proposed himself for a visit to the Northwold Country. On the night of his arrival, as they were sitting round the table after dinner, Dick Chetland asked him to whom he had sold the two horses which he brought over.

"I don't know," said Jackson, "they were sold through an agent—to a woman, I believe—but I don't know what her name was. They were first-class animals, both of 'em; but I hope she's a good horsewoman, because they're not beginner's horses, by any manner of means. One of them is a chestnut with three white feet and a white patch on his nigh hind-quarter—odd marking for a clean-bred horse, isn't it?"

Alice looked up. "And the other," she said, "is a brown horse with a white blaze on his face and a white stocking on his off hind leg. He's clean-bred too."

Harvey Jackson looked over at her. "That's right," he said, "that's a good description of both of 'em; but how do you know?"

"Never mind how I know," she answered, "but I do know—and what's more, I think you'll see them both out on Tuesday. Do you recognize the horses, Jack?"

"I do," he said. "How in Heaven's name did you guess?"

"Well," she said, "I used to own one of 'em—the chestnut. I sold him to Dave Waller two years ago, because he was a 'bleeder'. You bought him off Waller, didn't you Harvey?"

"Yes," he said. "I did, and I sold

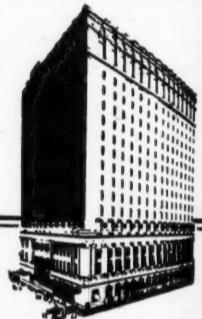
him for just the same reason that you did. I wonder how long his new owner will keep him."

Jack roared with laughter. "You're a sharp lot—you American horse-dealers" he said. "Thank God, one of you is my friend and the other is my wife. I'll introduce you to the charmer that bought your horse, Harvey," he went on. "Mind she doesn't lead you from the path of virtue. She nearly did me; but Alice rescued me. Ask her about her cap. She always rides in a Master's cap—she'll tell you all about it."

They had a pleasant Sunday; in the afternoon they went to the kennels, and Harvey Jackson was greatly interested in the pack, which he had never seen before.

"They're a shade lighter than the Blankshire, aren't they, Jack? More quality to 'em, with not quite so much bone. Somehow, they remind me a little of Lincoln's, pack—the Sudbury, in America—you know them, don't you? Of course you do, —I had forgotten that you hunted with them. He used to have heavier, less active hounds in those early days, till Charlie McNeill sent him a draft from Sir Edward Curre's. Have you got any Curre blood here?"

"We have," said the Master. He turned to his Huntsman. "Mr. Jack—Continued on Page Nineteen



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## ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media,  
Pennsylvania.  
Established 1859.  
Recognized 1904.



February twenty-fourth. A day to look back upon. A day when foxes ran and the West Wind blew. A day that contained a definite promise of spring and growing weather in spite of snow in the woods and ice on the northern slopes of ravines.

The hunt met in Yearsley Hollow at eleven o'clock. More followers came out than usual, determined, I take it, to make up for the many days in January and February when it was impossible to hunt on account of deep snow or violent storms of sleet or rain. Besides the Master, Alexander Sellers, there were present Foster and Mrs. Reeve, Ann Cochrane, Bill Blakely, George Johnson, Marian Peake, Eleanor Butt, Charles and "Bibbie" Brooks, "Doc" Hunsberger, Bill Thomas, and the writer who had had only two hunts since January First. John Ronayne was on furlough from his air-training station and whipped hounds for our huntsman.

The Yearsley Woods were drawn with no results, and the hunt moved on to Darlington Hill. Here again, the hounds found no trace of scent on the morning air. Crossing under the railroad on Forge Road, a gray fox, which several riders saw, was routed out of his hiding place in Moore's Swamp. At once, we all rode to a field overlooking the swamp hoping that the hounds would succeed in driving him out of his lair. Listening to the noisy tumult in the woods below, we suddenly saw a fine red fox with a bit of white in his tail burst out in the open. The hounds were still running the gray, so the red took his time crossing several fields in plain view of all of us and finally disappearing in a thicket half a mile away on the sky-line.

"Buck", our huntsman, lifted the hounds from the line of the gray to that of the red and they opened up with full-throated music. The fox circled back to the swamp and then repeated for the second time his swing around the circle. When he emerged from the woods the second time, Eddie Quigley, our former huntsman, joined us with his private pack of hounds that had harked to

ours. Now we had between fifty and sixty tri-colored hounds all voicing their determination to cut short the career of the white-tailed fox. On his return the second time, the fox avoided the swamp and made for the Strip, then bore right and ran to the woods behind the Boys Reform School.

I have now to chronicle the sad fact that two expert huntsman lost completely two packs of loud voiced hounds. The Reform School Woods are large and this fox was really running. Where he went, nobody quite knows. The presumption is that he made a "U" turn and ran down wind along the creek to Dohan's Woods. At any rate, for the best part of an hour, we wandered around hoping to hear, see, or smell something that resembled a hound or fox.

Finally I decided to go home. I, too, was lost but on the advice of Eddie Quigley, I headed down a cart road that led from Mitchell's upper farm to Moore's place. Half a mile down the road, I bumped into the combined pack still hot on the trail of the fox. It was a grand sight and for the moment I felt like Balboa when he discovered the Pacific Ocean or Commander Peary when he reached the Pole. I turned right into a side-hill field behind the hounds and was soon joined by two friends of Quigley who had come out for a day of sport and by great good luck had also bumped into the pack. We followed the hounds across the cart road to The Strip. My white horse that could be seen from afar brought back the crowd of hunters and we ran the fox on for some distance and then at a check the packs were separated and we started home by way of the Reform School Woods. "Buck" is an indefatigable hunter and soon had not one but two red foxes going, which were clearly seen by the Master and Ann Cochrane. Shortly before this view was had, Bill Blakely and I started for home having had all the galloping and sport that we wanted for one day. I had left the stable at 10:00 o'clock and it was 5:15 when I got back. Today my sore muscles tell me that it would have been better if I had gone home the first time I started, but with hounds coming hard to meet me the very least I could do when Fortune smiled was to turn in behind them

and ride.

And now, as the radio commentators say, a word of consolation to the race horse people who have seen their sport destroyed by an edict of government. The Stork and Diaper Service of Philadelphia are handing out to the hospitals along with their good wishes a reproduction of Palenske's Drypoint of *Man o' War*. I have no doubt that when the didy wearers of today grow up, their minds having been properly conditioned in their infancy by gazing on the features of a noble race horse, placing a ban on racing will be one of those things a government official will not attempt to do for fear of losing his political, if not his bodily, head.—L. N. R.

disappearing. This continued for approximately two hours and a half without further results, and it was decided to call it a day.

It, at least, seemed wonderful to have a clear day and be on a horse again!

Lieutenant Jack Rochelle writes from India that he tried riding there, but the horse he was able to secure was so small and so pitiful that he felt the positions should be reversed and gave up hacking until a horse of larger size and more strength could be found.—T. V. R.

## LEADING TRAINERS HANDLE

## Worms LIKE THIS:

## SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,  
North Carolina.  
Established 1927.  
Recognized 1941.



The rains jinx was still on Wednesday, February 21, as Sedgefield was rained out of another fixture. However, Saturday, the 24th was clear and cool and a field of fifteen were on hand at the Adams' lake at 10:30. The earth was rather soft from the continued rains, and it seemed an ideal hunting morning.

The cast was north of the Southern Railway tracks on the east end of the Adams farm. Hounds were away fast on a line that soon dissolved into thin air, and although a lot of territory was covered and the hounds re-cast repeatedly, they appeared to be able to cold-trail for some distance, with the line soon

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SEASON 1945  
PASTEURIZED

PASTEURIZED	Milkman	Cudgel	Broomstick
Chestnut, 1935		Milkmaid	Eugenia Burch
Peake		*Sir Gallahad III	*Peep o' Day

## Winner Belmont Stakes, East View Stakes, etc.

PASTEURIZED was a high-lass, fast, game racehorse, winning from 4½ furlongs to 1½ miles. He is beautifully bred, his ancestors both sires and dams are the best that can be found in the stud books of America, England and France. He is one of the best looking horses that ever walked the earth.

Two (2) colts and four (4) two-year-old fillies, all raised by us, were trained and started twice and died. She had worked a quarter in :22 and a half in :46 out of the gate.

BELFAST won two races by five lengths and was third in Jeanne d'Arc Stakes getting her early promise. She looks to be a filly of the highest class.

At the Long Island Sales 1944 the last yearling sold was by PASTEURIZED, brought \$5,200.00. He has been highly tried and his owner is tremendously pleased with him.

PASTEURIZED'S foals have good conformation, dispositions and speed. They all have perfect manners at the post.

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## DOUBLE SCOTCH

(Property of Riversville Holding Corporation)

Double Scotch  
Bay, 1936

Stimulus	Ultimus	Commando
Hurakan		Running Stream
Lady Minnie	*Sir Gallahad III	Uncle
		The Hoyden
	Minima	*Teddy
		Plucky Liege
		Friar Rock
		Miss Minnie

Double Scotch was an unusually fast horse. Started five times as a two-year-old in allowance races and stakes. Won two races and was second twice.

Double Scotch has had very limited opportunities in the stud, but even with that in 1944 he had thirteen winners of over \$33,000.

Double Scotch's Dam, Lady Minnie, produced Stir Up, winner of over \$100,000.

Second dam, Minima, produced Porter's Mite, winner of \$97,000.

Third dam, Miss Minnie, produced Gray Lag, winner of \$136,000.

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA  
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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## Editorials

### POINT-TO-POINTS

Everything continues to change and will continue to do so until the war is over, and even then, it is an open question as to what the future will offer.

At this time of year in the past, hunters had put in a season in the field and the best of the lot were kept in condition for the point-to-points which were held. These events started in February and were scattered over about a two-month period. Some years brought forth an outstanding entry, while other years saw the honors well divided.

The fox hunters changed into jockeys and began the job of watching their weight and ignoring those foods which would tend to add a few extra pounds. They continued to hunt as long as hounds went out and then when the schedule called for point-to-points after the hunting season was over, they could be seen in the early morning hours getting themselves and their horses into top shape.

Many were the discussions as to the proper rules to follow and what had to be done before the horses went to the post. Some of the events were over flagged courses and others were the old time variety of point-to-points. Woe betide the visitor when the starter advised the field to go to Smith's barnyard, pick up a chip and return to the starting point. Laying well back of the regulars of the hunt club until the barnyard was reached, there was always a chance that the visitor would remember the country well enough to go on his own on the return trip. When this failed, the sun was apt to be well on its way toward setting when the entry finally made it back to the anxiously waiting grooms and vans.

An open long galloping field and a fast horse offered a possibility of a winner when the race started at Browns and ended at Jones when the entry list contained someone not familiar with the countryside. Otherwise, he had to follow the leaders and hope they knew the way.

At any rate, it was all great fun and a grand way to finish up the hunting season. Horses were often advanced from these ranks to the hunt meetings and a good prospect for timber racing would crop up in many instances. The merits of the riders and horses were discussed at great length and the chances of a winner repeating the next year was good for arguments until the starter dropped the flag the next time.

The atmosphere at these events is truly that which delights a sportsman and most of the entries are owners-riders with keen competition from every side. No doubt some of the riders wouldn't make much progress over a steeplechase course at one of the major tracks but they are out for the sport and fun and it is a great time, especially when one is entering his first point-to-point. When the course is flagged, the riders can be seen carefully walking over the entire layout and opinions are expressed as to just how it can be ridden over to the best advantage.

Many former point-to-point riders are now in the service, both in this country and overseas. When they return, they will want to participate once again. Their letters indicate their keen interest in the sport and when it is possible to again line up before the starter, it is up to the committees to once more make plans so that the events will be in full force for the returning sportsmen.

## Letters to the Editor

### Posting

Dear Editor:

I was very glad to see Mr. Dickinson refer to the posting on the proper diagonals, in his excellent horsemanship column. Unfortunately many riders have very little idea what it is all about.

Some of your readers might be interested to hear the mathematical explanation of correct posting, as the moving horse and rider are subject to the same physical laws as any other moving body.

While trotting straight ahead, it is immaterial on which foot one posts, as long as one changes the foot from time to time to avoid the horse becoming one sided and tired. When riding on a circle though, it is absolutely necessary to post on the correct foot, i. e. to sit down when the inner (the one nearer to the center of the circle) hindfoot comes down. This is not a matter of correct form but a matter of physical necessity. The inner hindfoot is the CARRYING foot, whereas the outer hindfoot is the PUSHING or PROPELLING foot.

The centrifugal force acting on the revolving body of horse and rider tends to push them outside the circle. The outer hindfoot pushes against it, propelling the horse forward and keeping it on the circle. To make this forward pushing with the outer hindfoot easier for the horse we have to sit down when the inner hindfoot comes down.

The horse will feel smooth when we post this way and rough when posting on the other foot, because then the inner hindfoot becomes the pushing foot which will act in the same direction as the centrifugal

force and will throw the horse toward the outside with each stride. The rider can feel this uneven motion very distinctly.

Hoping this is not too technical and wishing your excellent paper every success,

Yours very truly,  
George Jacobsen.

Montreal, Canada.

### Correct Riding

Dear Editor:

I wish to comment on Mr. Edward Dickinson's article on horsemanship which you recently ran. I think Mr. Dickinson's following statement is erroneous and ridiculous:

"Correct riding is the art, itself, a wonderful sport, a wonderful exercise; and can be seen at a horse show."

Now I have attended many horse shows all over New England and New York and especially the annual show at Madison Square Garden. When the foreign teams came to the Garden before the war—Italians, French, German, Irish—the members of these teams, together with the U. S. Army teams, were almost the only correct riders in the show.

The statement which Mr. Dickinson makes so freely and casually should be frowned upon as it will seriously mislead trusting and comparatively ignorant readers.

Yours very truly,  
Wendy Miles.

### Ex-Gob Working Horses

Billy McCoy, an honorably discharged Naval veteran of World War II at 19, and son of the veteran jockey Jimmy, is now exercising horses at Hialeah Race Course.

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## Irish Horse Notes

By Neil C. Collins

### IRISH SIRES CONTINUED

Talk about bringing your Thoroughbred sires to Ireland from any other country sounds like the old bromide about carrying coals to Newcastle. In the case of the British Isles, however, there is a continual transferring of Thoroughbreds. Colts, fillies, geldings, brood-mares, sires and hunters are in transit between Ireland and England at all times. Most English and Scotch buyers attend Irish sales and vice-versa.

Recently **Orestes**, **Baman** and **Costal Traffic** arrived in Ireland to augment the number of outstanding young sires already in the country.

**Orestes**, a bay horse foaled in 1941 by **Donatello II** out of **Orison**, has joined **Mazarin** and **Columcille** at Cloughran Stud, Co. Dublin. His fee is \$600, and his list is full for 1945.

**Baman** is a bay horse foaled in 1940 by **Bahram**, winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby and St. Ledger, out of **Una**, by **Tetratema**. He stands at Glascairn Stud, Ratoath, Co. Meath, and will cover twenty mares in his first season at a fee of \$400. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, renowned English sportswoman, keeps a couple of sires at Glascairn also—**Jamaica Inn** and **Disney**. I have just discovered that she also has **Fairfax** there. He is a brown horse foaled in 1936 by **Fairway** out of **Celiba**. His fee is \$200.

**Costal Traffic**, a bay horse foaled in 1941 by **Hyperion** out of **Rose of England**, joins **Pactolus** and **Valerian** at the Orchardstown Stud, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary. He will cover twenty mares in his first season at a fee of \$200. This horse has classic winners on both sides. **Hyperion** won the Derby and St. Ledger, and **Rose of England** won the Oaks.

**Pactolus** is a chestnut horse foaled in 1936 by **Pharos** out of **Myrica**, by **Bruleur**. His fee is \$140, and his list is full for 1945.

**Valerian**, a bay foaled in 1933 is by **Son-In-Law** out of **Haintonette**, by **Hainault**. His is the modest fee of \$100.

These two horses are very popular among the Irish sires standing at small fees. They are well bred horses. **Pactolus** has **St. Simon** blood lines while the big 16.2 hands horse **Valerian** has **Galopin** as an ancestor. Two of **Pactolus**' progeny have been good winners: **Solid Pact** won the National Produce Stakes at the Curragh, and **Pacifier** was only beaten one length in the Irish 2000 Guineas classic last year by dead-heaters **Slide On** and **Good Morning**.

**Valerian**, as a 3-year-old won the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot from a field of thirteen, and on the following year he won the two mile Ascot Stakes from a field of twenty-eight, carrying two pounds less than top weight. Three days later he won the two- and three-quarter miles Queen Alexandra Stakes. At the Newmarket, December 1944, sales one of his yearlings fetched 1000 Guineas.

Orchardstown Stud, standing in the midst of the great horse-breeding and hunting country that surrounds Clonmel in south-eastern Tipperary, is well represented in Irish blood-stock circles by these three horses. The stud is managed by A. Honniball who also has **War Lord** and **Cillas** under his care at the stud farm.

**War Lord**, half brother of **Legend**

of France, was foaled in 1937. He is by **Blenheim** out of **Francille**, by **Battersea**.

**Cillas**, winner of the French Derby and other classics of his year in France, was foaled in 1931. He is by **Tourbillon** out of **Orlanda**, by **Craig an Eran** but he is not eligible for the General Stud Book.

The Clonmel Harriers, one of the most renowned harrier packs in Ireland, have their headquarters in Clonmel. The town also boasts of one of the best agricultural and horse shows in the south of Ireland. It lies beneath the foothills of the Comeragh and the Slieve-na-mban (pronounced like *Slieve-nammon*) mountains. The harriers hunt amidst surroundings that are very beautiful combining every variety of landscape from Alpine to pastoral.

There is an old Irish legend associated with Slievenamon mountain which might amuse readers. We will return to the horses again in a moment.

It seems that Finn MacCaul, legendary chief of the ancient Fianna of Erin, was hunting the stag down around the lush country of South Tipperary. Finn had a great eye for the fair sex, and he particularly liked the apple-cheeked, blond-haired maidens of that part of the country. As a matter of fact he liked them so much that he would choose a wife from among them. He decided upon bringing one of them home to Ulster as his bride, but he was puzzled about a choice. The ladies were vieing for his hand because he was a great hero, and he was in a devil of a dither about whom to choose, because they were all so beautiful.

In any event, he consulted his chief adviser, and they decided on a scheme which wouldn't leave any ill feelings. It was decreed that all the fair ones would assemble on a certain day at the foot of Slievenamon. When they got there Finn addressed them. He told them that he was going to the top of the mountain, to the Druid's chair, (there is a druid's chair there, by the way), and when he got there he would signal them to start up, and the first to reach him would become his bride. The adviser remained below to start them at the given signal. He had a terrible time because they were all straining at tapes anxious to get away. I don't think there were any bookmakers in Ireland at that time, and I doubt if there were any side bets made, but the chances are that some of the onlookers bet a quid or two.

Well, to make a long story short, the signal was given, and the fair damsels of Tipperary got away well from the tapes and raced hell-for-leather up the mountain to the chair. They bounded through wood, and heath, and furze; over crag and mountain stream. The first up was Graine, daughter of King Cormac. She claimed the hand of the great Finn, and he took her home to Ulster. The women of Ulster weren't flattered in the least, but that is another story. Apparently the Fianna of Erin knew how to manage their women. So, Slievenamon was called the mountain of the women. Perhaps any Americans who have ever ridden this country with the Clonmel Harriers will get a chuckle out of the legend. If so, it has served its purpose, but we must get back to our sires.

## Texas Notes

By Bud Burmester

John W. Dial, from whose pretentious Thoroughbred nursery near Goliad have come many first class horses, recently completed arrangements with Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., for the King Ranch owned stallion, **Bold Venture**, and the son of **St. Germans**—**Possible**, by **Ultimus**, is already ensconced in his new home at Dial's ranch. Along with the stallion, which will be making his first stand away from the King Ranch since he was retired from racing, and during which he annexed the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness of 1936, came five of the King Ranch mares to be mated with the big chestnut, and Dial intends to send a like number of his mares to the court of **Brazado** (On Watch—**Kippy**) and might also breed one or two to the **Equipoise**—**Frillette** stallion, **Equetrian**.

Dial, who had **Coldstream** at his stud for a number of years, and also **Early Warrior** in recent years, was without a stallion until he secured **Bold Venture**. He tried to buy several stallions now in Kentucky, but even with the racing ban, prices were too high.

A number of Dial-bred youngsters are cutting wide swaths among the juveniles now racing at the Hippodrome de las Americas, one of them being **Coldessa**, fleet miss by **Coldstream** out of **Vanessa**, by **Morvich**.

Dial will have three foals this year by **Nedayr**, and planned to return the mares to the Kilmer-bred stallion, but transportation difficulties precluded this.

Kelly and Jones, who maintain the Silver Star Stock Farm at Irving, and which is in charge of Norman (Red) McMasters, have announced that **Chipamink**, their Peanuts youngster, will be bred to a limited number of mares this Spring. The

Near Clonmel at Fethard stands Rathcoole Stud, another South Tipperary landmark for breeders. Here the mighty **Bahram** is represented by a nice sire called **Hern the Hunter**. He is a bay horse foaled in 1939 by **Bahram** out of the **Hurry On** chestnut mare **Panic**. She is the dam of **Solfo** who won \$65,000 in his day, including the Jockey Club Stakes.

**Nosegay** also stands here. He is a chestnut horse, foaled in 1934 by **Walter Gay** out of **Norton Rose**. **Walter Gay's** sire was **Captain Cuttle**. Fees for these two horses are moderate. The stud is managed by T. C. Hayes.

two Dallasites also have **Edification** at stud.

Fred Lege, owner of the Diamond Ranch at Fort Worth, and well known in Thoroughbred circles, is planning a horse show at his ranch near here on May 6. On this occasion, Lege has invited Thoroughbred breeders to participate in a class for 2-year-olds, and there is every chance this will be filled.

Capt. Leon C. Warner, Jr., attached to the Fort Worth Air Force headquarters, and who hails originally from Minneapolis, Minnesota, is planning to acquire a couple of Thoroughbreds to be shipped to his home after the war. Between times Capt. Turner has been visiting the various Thoroughbred nurseries here.

Fred Browning, who, with Monte Preston, Texas horseman, recently acquired a nice place near Utopia, in the Southern part of Texas, probably will send down a number of mares as well as several youngsters now at Top O' The Hill. The mares will be mated with **\*Knights'** **Caprice**, which is standing at the new nursery. Preston already has a number of mares there. He acquired them from Valdina Farms at the time of the dispersal. One has foaled to **Teddy's Comet**. Several are in foal to **Valdina Orphan**.

Continued on page Seventeen

### Horsemanship on a Shoe String

You'll find as much data on equitation in this illustrated pamphlet as you would in a costly book. Price 50 cents with order—postage paid.

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Has been attractive to a number of purchasers, but they were not suitable to the clientele and the future business the establishment warrants. Should net \$30,000.00 to \$40,000.00 in sales alone to right buyer. Can give inventory and clear title.

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## ARAPAHOE HUNT

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Littleton,  
Colorado.  
Established 1929.  
Recognized 1934.



Each year, the coyotes which give us so much sport during the hunting season seem to move to a different section of our country, and there of course, we find most often and have the majority of our runs. This year they have chosen the Pollack and the flat open grazing land just west of Headquarters. For the most part, our runs this year have been in this good galloping country.

The 16th of December was one of the coldest days we have hunted and the ground was as hard as a paved road. Just as hounds were being put into covert, a coyote was viewed going west from the Headquarters road, and though our fingers were so numb we could hardly feel the reins in our hands, the pace was so fast we were soon well warmed up. Hounds checked in the corn field, and it was slow going until they came out at the north end when once again the scent improved and we circled all the way back to the big black gate going out of the Pollack before checking.

The next week we worked all the way around Headquarters before finding by the water tower in the Pollack. This run was similar to that of the week before. On Thursday, December 28th, hounds found east of Kennels and worked the line through the Hole, along the Wildcat road and lost at the Buffalo Fence. Coming around the corner of the fence they found again on the south side and for the rest of the afternoon we ran up and down hill and in and out of trees in the South Ranch.

The next two weeks our run followed the old pattern in the Pollack, but tiring of this we struck east and north on the 14th of January, working as far east as the Cheese Ranch. Just as we were about to cross Wildcat Road hounds found a line and ran for a few minutes parallel to the road. But the line was too old and they could not hold it. Swinging left handed and crossing a deep gulch, they picked it up again and with more success, running down a sandy creek bed and checking only when the creek bed branched about half a mile on. The coyote was viewed here going down the west branch but hounds ran him out onto good ground and with the scent now good and hot followed as fast as they could go towards Headquarters. After working through a wheat-field and up another creek bed they again were out on open ground, but one member of the field lost his horse which got into the pack and by the time he was caught, it was decided we had had enough for one day.

On the fourth of February we had

one of the most exciting hunts I remember. We had been but about 3 hours and had worked all the way around east and north of Headquarters with nothing to show for it. It was a sunny warm morning, the ground well soaked from a snow the previous week and we were hacking back towards Kennels. We had just turned up a wide shallow draw when suddenly in front of us we saw three large dark coyotes with a white-faced baby calf in their midst. The coyotes left him without a second thought but the bewildered calf was swept up by the pack of hounds now streaming up the draw after the coyotes, and ran with hounds for several steps. At the top of the draw, the coyotes split, one going east, and two turning north. These two hounds chose to follow. The field had to cross two fences which slowed up down considerably. When we had finally gotten through the gates hounds were almost out of sight running north of Headquarters. We saw the coyote and then rally out in the lead, turned sharply right handed away from him. We were puzzled for a minute because she is one of the truest hounds in the pack, but a bit later the third coyote which she was running bobbed up darkly against the yellow grass. We made about an 8-mile circle as fast as hounds and horses could run, and finally called hounds in at a check near Headquarters.

—H. C. N.

## MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,  
Loudoun County,  
Virginia.  
Established 1906.  
Recognized 1908.



Saturday, February 24th. 11 1-2 couple of hounds. Day fairly warm and very clear. Hounds met at Irving Leith's on the Mountain. They worked the coverts on the Institute and put up three greys. Hounds split and put them to ground, one group accompanied by Huntsman Maddox, another by George Bland, and the third on their own. Hounds looked around for more.

Huntsman Maddox got them together and drawing through The Institute went from there to Mrs. William Munhall's acres abounding in stobs, yellow pines and rabbits, and on to the gently rolling fields of Colonel Clifford's farm. Hounds worked the woods below the farm, but found nothing. And Mr. Sands decided to go in.

The field consisted of Mrs. Holgar Bidstrup, Mrs. William Munhall, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jim Skinner and William C. Seipp.

While hunting Mr. Seipp told us of his conversation some time ago with a brother fox hunter, who stayed out with hounds a good deal longer than was his custom. "You are out a long time," said Mr. Seipp. "Yes," replied the other, "but I

wouldn't be here if I knew the way to get home."

Hacking home at the fork a short ways before coming to The Old Chimney, a voice from the rear, "Well, Dan, I want to thank you for a very pleasant hunt, I'm going to turn off at The Chimney, then go by the cattle scale, and Jim Skinner's farm, past the Metcalf's place and come out on the Pike by the Metcalf's and hack on down the Pike towards Middleburg, then I'll cut through Windy Hill and Turner Wiltshire's and on to my farm. Or I can hit Featherbed Lane and go by Crompton Smith's and across Fred's farm, come out by the schoolhouse and on to Windy Hill, through Turner's and on to my place." "Fine, Bill, I am going by The Chimney too. Maybe I'll see you there."

## Treweryn Beagles

## Fixtures For March 1945

11th Upper Hicks Farm 3:00 P. M.  
18th White Horse 3:00 P. M. The Field is invited to tea at the Radnor Hunt Club.

25th Bryn Clovis Farm, Sugar-

town 3:00 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. R. Stockton White and Mrs. S. Stockton White invite the field to tea.

S. Stockton White, Acting Master.

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Virginia



### \*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return

(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of \*Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

### \*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by \*Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandra Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. \*Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

### HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

### \*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—\*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Ful brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. \*Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. \*Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

### RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by \*Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to \*Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren

Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

*Hardi*

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SPECIAL For the Spring Season, Jodhpurs or Riding Breeches of fine tan or brown Cavalry Twill, or Whippcord, custom made or immediate wear, from \$65. ATTENTION HUNTSMEN: We still have a stock of imported materials for pink hunting coats and white cavalry twill breeches.

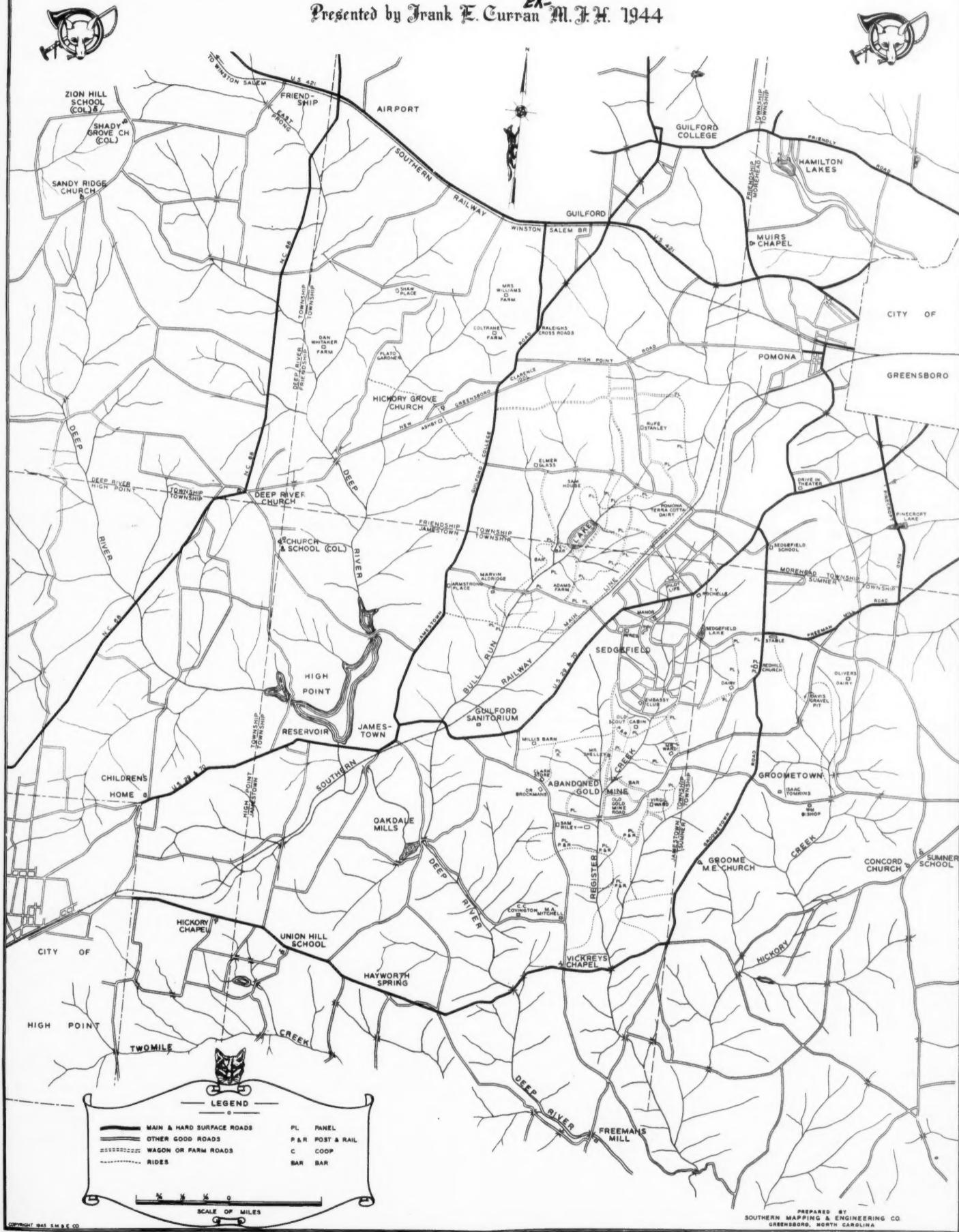
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604 Fifth Avenue New York 20, N. Y.



# Hunting Territory ~ Sedgefield Hunt

## GUILFORD COUNTY NORTH CAROLINA

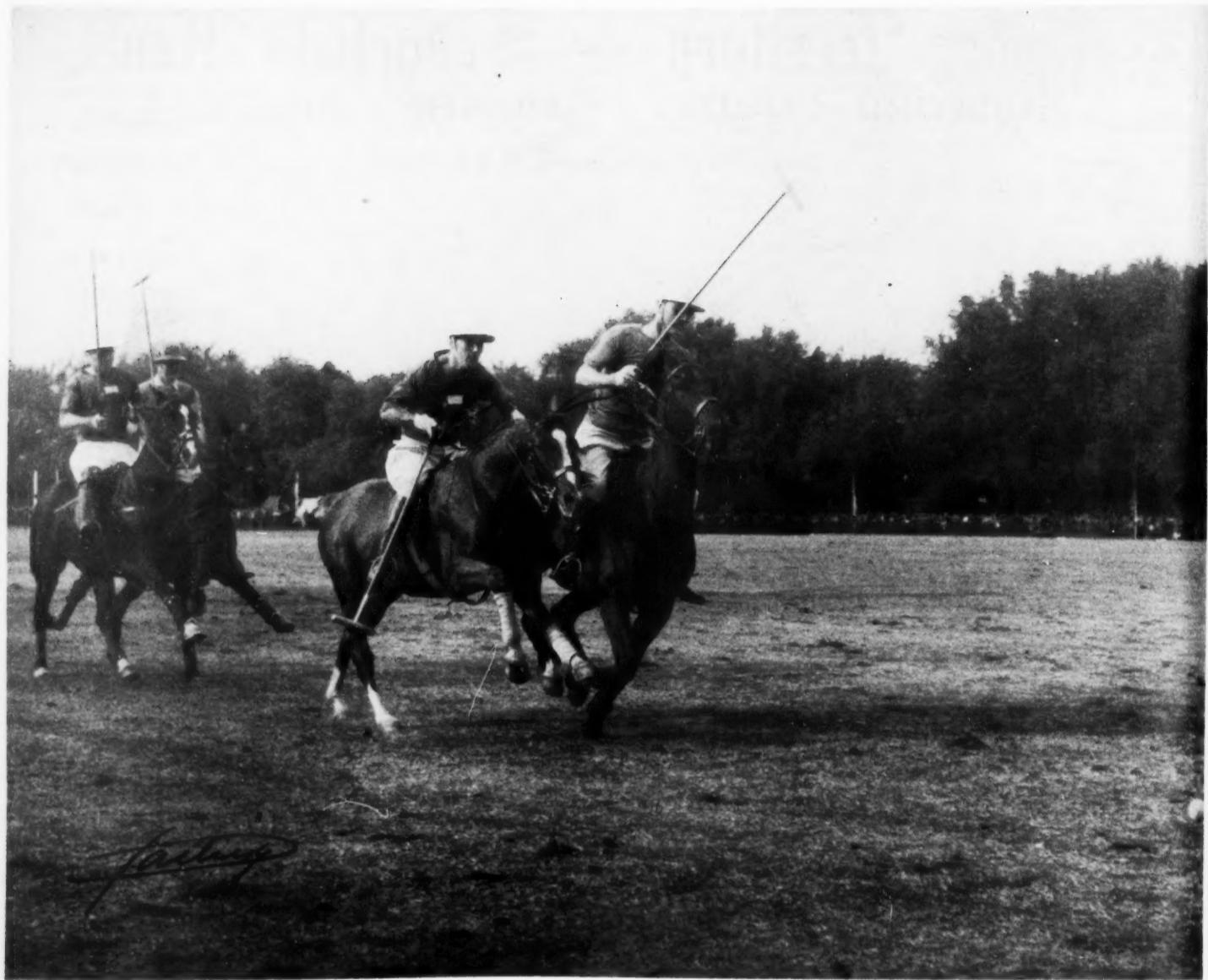
Presented by Frank E. Curran M. J. H. 1944



Former Master Frank E. Curran has finished the above map of the Sedgefield, High Point, North Carolina hunting territory and has presented it to the hunt. Mr. Curran stated, "We have succeeded in showing accurately, to scale, the main roads, lakes and creeks, but consider improvement can and should be made in the exact location of equally important landmarks, such as wagon roads, rides and jumps."

## BEFORE PEARL HARBOR

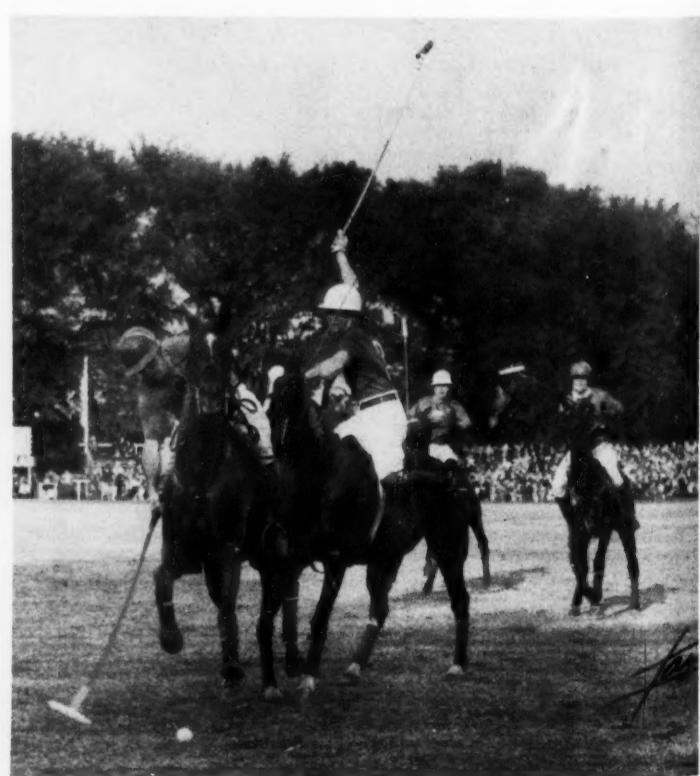
(Photos by Darling)



Before December 7, 1941 the sport of horses was at its height. Now many of the participants are overseas and the recent bans have placed the horses in the background. When the going was good, all sportsmen will remember the above in the polo field: Cecil Smith, Bobby Gerry, Mike Phipps and Bobby Strawbridge.



In close quarters in the sportsmen's game are Mike Phipps and Steu Iglehart.



The game goes on with Elby Gerry, Peter Grace, Cecil Smith and Mike Phipps.

## Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

### Some Masters May Continue Operations Longer Than Originally Intended

The youngsters are back at school and very mortuary like are many country houses after the turmoil, merry voices and laughter of the past few weeks. Not until Easter will those of us who are "getting on" be again taken out of the rut into which we have again sunk. The Yuletide holidays were robbed of some of the pleasure by frost stopping hunting and causing the abandonment of steeplechase meetings. It was disappointing, for many boys and girls had, weeks before they came home, been writing letters full of expectation of joys to come with hounds. With youth it is the present that counts. We older birds can say with W. H. O.

When snowflakes are whirling and highways are drifted,  
When hounds are in kennel and nags in their stalls;  
When the centre of faith to the fireside has shifted,  
And life is confined within four solid walls;  
Then memory for comfort stands touching our shoulder,  
And Fancy for favour sits close by our side,  
And drifts may pile deeper and winds may grow colder,  
But down in our hearts there are green fields to ride.

It was Egerton Warburton who asked, "This world can it show such a picture of woe as a frozen out Master imprison'd in snow?" It may be that because of the stoppage in December and January, some Masters may decide to continue operations a little longer than they had originally intended, but I hear of some packs which will finish the season next month. Since the thaw the going has been deeper than ever, and, in some countries there have been gallops far faster and longer than half-conditioned horses could live through. Hence it has been "bellows to mend", much lobbing and sobbing, and very few there at the finish.

#### Story of An Old Huntsman

Old Jack Parker, the quaint and famous Senninington huntsman, was no believer in bathing. Indeed, it is on record that he said he had "nobbut had yan in his life, a part from being overhead in becks once or twice when out hunting."

On one occasion the late Mr. Digby Cayley, a great Yorkshire sportsman, whose kinsman Sir Everard, Mastered what is now the Derwent country, once took Jack Parker to Scotland as body servant on a salmon fishing expedition. They put up at a country inn at which there was no bathroom, and Mr. Cayley asked Jack to bring him a few buckets of hot water up to his room before dinner so that he might have a bath. Later in the evening Mr. Cayley gave the old huntsman his orders for the following morning and these included a request for a couple of buckets of cold water. "What for?", demanded Jack. "For my morning tub", replied Mr. Cayley. "Why you had a bath nobbut an hour or two sen", remonstrated Jack. "I always have a cold sponge down in a morning", explained Mr. Cayley. "Two baths a day!" exclaimed

ed Parker, who added, "All I can say is that the aristocracy must be a very mucky-skinned lot; allus bathing and lapping up toothwater. Ise as clean as one here and there and have as good a set of teeth as onny man breathing. I neither baths nor tooth scrubs, but I picks all bones clean with me teeth, and that keeps 'em in better fettle than this lapping up of tooth-water!"

#### Sportsmen And Their Horses

There is a saying "When you buy pets you get sorrow given in free". Unfortunately there is a good deal of truth in it, especially as applied to horses and dogs. There are some who look upon their horses either as mere merchandise, or as machines. When they have served their turn on the racecourse, in the hunting field, road or land, they are sold, sometimes without thought or care as to their future. Thus they begin a sliding scale of slavery, misery and degradation in their old age. Happily, on the other hand, there are many who either pension their horses to end their days in peace and comfort, or see to it that they pass into the hands of someone who will treat them with the care to which they have been accustomed. But even so, parting is sad, as are the ailments which often come with advancing years in our canine and equine pets. The day eventually arrives with both when the greatest kindness is the humane killer in the one case, and the last long sleep of the lethal chamber in the other.

There is always a heart-break to the true sportsman or sportswoman in parting with horses or dogs which have been our constant companions, and which have shared in and contributed to our happiest days. They have gained a place in our deepest affections and have returned that affection—more noticeably in dogs perhaps, than horses. I can never understand, and am inclined to dislike, the man who, without feeling or understanding, breezily says to you in your sadness at such partings, "Don't be a sentimental fool! After all, it's only a horse", or "only a dog". True it is, but it is also a loved friend, constant and true in all our whims and changing temper. The man who can suffer such severances without a pang, may be spared the wringing of his heart-strings, but he also misses the finer things in life, and fails to recognise that love is the only thing that matters.

The man who can suffer such severances without a pang, may be spared the wringing of his heart-strings, but he also misses the finer things in life, and fails to recognise that love is the only thing that matters. It was Dean Bourne who wrote: I've a dozen rooms, you may take them all

If you leave me my little den,  
Where the soul of the past looks out on the wall,  
Its horses, its dogs, its men;

Where I fondle a muzzle, I clasp a hand,  
I play with a silken mane,  
And out of the shadows the faithful band  
Steals into my life again.

#### Famous Show Jumper

Why do I write thus? Old Bill Herbert, hero of a hundred jumping competitions the other day for the last time passed the gates at what was long Tom and Harry Ward's wellknown hunter and Thoroughbred stallion stables at Pinchthorpe. Many times had those gates been opened for Bill Herbert when he returned home after adding to his show jumping triumphs. When the Wards, full of years and the oldest dealers and show exhibitors in the north, at last gave up and had a

dispersal sale, I bought the cob for my boy to ride, and the last of the brothers was delighted and relieved that I had got him. Only a month or two ago he cleared over 5'-0", and shortly before that he jumped over the half-doors at a blacksmith's shop, where he had been left for my boy to call for. But Bill was old, his eyes (he always had a dormant tear duct) were bothering him. So one re-called the lines:

When the time comes for saying farewell,  
Nought parts us old friend but a shot;

To a cab-stand shall never descend  
The best of my moderate lot.

Bill Herbert's last passing of his old home was on his way to the Cleveland Hunt kennels. He had often been ridden with those hounds, he was invariably Mr. T. S. Petch's mount when he was seeing to everything at the Cleveland Hunt Point-to-point races, he was something of a hero in Yorks, and my wife, my boy and myself loved him. Goodbye Bill—and good hunting!

#### A Favourite Terrier

No sooner was this decision come to than a favourite terrier developed a nasty tumour on his tail and had to be operated on. I could not have been much more upset when seeing him driven off in the vet's car, than if it had been a child of my own flesh. He was in my thoughts all that day and all the next, and when he came home he was for some time not the same dog. It was evident that by inveigling him into that car, and then closing the door to allow him to be driven away by a stranger, he had lost faith in me. I had played a trick on him and could not at first be forgiven for my decep-

tion. He was afraid, distrustful, and hurt at heart. There was no hysterical joy as I expected on his return, although he had worn the skin off his face trying to force his way through the bars of the cage in the veterinary's yard. "When you buy pets you get sorrow given in free". Often we say we'll never have another dog, and yet they are

Continued on Page Seventeen

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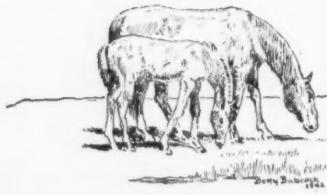
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# Horsemen's



## News-

### Approved Horses Can Get Accommodations At Narragansett Park

Narragansett Park will swing open its gates on Monday, March 19th, for the reception of approved horses and horsemen, announced President James E. Dooley on March 5th, after making a complete check on the preparedness of the racing strip and the stabling area. This will be for the accommodation of the numerous racing stables that come within the category of New England "regulars" and who in keeping with standard practice must be moving Northward at this time from the Southern tracks.

While declining to make any prediction as to whether the current suspension of racing will be lifted by April 11th, the date scheduled for the opening of the Spring meeting at Narragansett Park, Judge Dooley said that in fairness to all within the racing industry and particularly to the horsemen, routine preparations for the coming season must be continued. No moves will be made by the track management to hasten the lifting of the suspension; racing will adhere to its policy of patient waiting until Mr. James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, gives the "all clear" signal, but all hands will be ready to swing into action when the good word is given.

"Many horses and horsemen," said Judge Dooley, "have been stranded at the Southern tracks all winter. In and around Rhode Island are some 300 horses that have wintered up here. Horsemen must be given the opportunity of putting their charges in training because that is a long slow task that takes many weeks and in some cases months. Horsemen already are feeling the pinch badly—their expenses are still as heavy as ever, that is why they want to be ready when the go-ahead signal is given."

If the suspension is not lifted in time for the scheduled opening, then horses and horsemen will be welcome to the facilities of Narragansett for just as long as they wish.

Only approved horses and horsemen will be granted accommodations in the park. Stall applications have been made and still must be made. Following the usual custom these are carefully scrutinized and stall cards mailed to those accepted. No horses will be admitted without the proper credentials. More than 800 horses have already been approved.

### Peru Veterinarian Visits Jockey Club

Dr. Don J. Alberto Leon, Veterinarian of the Jockey Club of Lima, Peru, and head of the Peruvian Studbook, has been a recent visitor to this country and a caller at the offices of The Jockey Club. Here he was shown the system of the Registry Office and the operation of the American Studbook.

In company with Marshall Cassidy, assistant secretary of The Jockey Club, Dr. Leon visited the laboratories of the New York State Racing Commission where Charles

Morgan, chief chemist for the State Racing Commission spent an afternoon showing the visitor the latest developments in the most complete and advanced laboratory maintained for such purposes in the world.

Dr. Leon said he felt he had obtained much information that would be helpful to racing in his own country and expressed the hope that, following the war, the two countries would find it possible to have international races, both in South America and this country, the visiting official expressing the belief that air travel would make this possible.

### Aga Khan Worth His Weight In Diamonds

One of the most fabulous turf men of all times is the Aga Khan who, in March, at Bombay, will be given his full weight—a mere 275 pounds—in diamonds. To most of us, in America, this man, who is really the Sultan Mohammed Shah, is a buyer, at big prices, of yearlings in Europe. And yet he has sold to us a trio of horses which will have direct bearing on the future of the American Thoroughbred for generations to come, namely, **Blenheim II**, **Mahmoud**, and **Bahram**. He is the man who broke the English tradition of never selling a high class Derby winner out of England. When informed—firmly but politely—that his sale of **Blenheim II** was frowned on by the English racing fathers, he was just as firm in his reply that he had the right to sell his horses to other breeders, regardless of their nationality.

The first of this trio to be brought to this country was **Blenheim II**, which was the leading stallion in the United States in 1941, and second only to **Bull Dog** in 1943. **Blenheim II**'s outstanding son is **Whirlaway**, whose first crop of foals are now arriving on the farms in Kentucky. The second arrival was **Bahram**, the undefeated son of **Blandford**—**Friar's Daughter**, by **Friar Marcus**. This horse, which was undoubtedly the best racer in England during the past fifteen years, has not accomplished much in stud to date, and yet he is the one that English and Irish breeders have sought to buy back during recent years. The third is **Mahmoud**, which is now standing at the C. V. Whitney farm in Kentucky and whose 2-year-olds in 1944 clearly demonstrated that he is a son of **Blenheim II** who will send out winners—as **Whirlaway** undoubtedly will—in the years to come.

So while the Aga Khan is worth his weight in diamonds to the 10,000,000 people he rules over, so are the three Derby winners he sold to breeders of this country likely to prove worth their weight in gold to the American breeding structure. All three represent the line of **Blandford** who was termed "the world's greatest sire" until his death some twelve years ago. These representatives of the famous **Blandford** give every indication they will establish him as firmly in this country as he is in England.

### Derby Hopeful

Trainer H. H. Battle reports **Fighting Don**'s injured right fore hoof "as good as new" and the 3-year-old son of **Fighting Don**, owned by Gertrude Donovan, is training "satisfactory" at Hialeah in hopes of a 1945 Kentucky Derby.

### Breeding Farm Activities

Bert Clark Thayer, noted New York horse photographer covering the breeding farms in California this winter, is to shortly leave for the northern part of the State. Bill Stremmel has arranged for Thayer to do an album on his Glen Cove Stud which has been established at Vallejo with **Andy K.** and **Viscount** at Stud. D. J. Davis will also have Thayer come to Oak Dell Farm at Cupertino to pose his sire, **Hollywood**, and Mrs. D. P. Barrett's **Triarch**, the grey \***Sir Gallahad III** stallion which recently arrived there.

Two 2-year-old sons of the Turf's immortal **Equipoise**—D. P. Winnett's **Counterbalance** at Rancho San Vicente and Howard Oots' **Battledore** at Brown Shasta Farm—are now on the California stallion register.

Three tragic deaths—the stallions \***Ligaroti** and **Sarada** and the racing filly **Doggone**—have taken place within the past ten days. Bing Crosby and Lin Howard's \***Ligaroti** from the Argentine passed away at the new Binglin Stock Farm at Moorpark. **Sarada**, only recently brought back to California from Kentucky on lease by George M. Bucknam, was fatally injured by a broadmire at Rancho San Dieguito, Santa Fe Springs. Coward and DuPuy's **Doggone** was so severely injured while being exercised at Imperial Beach that she had to be destroyed.

Washington's Birthday was a big day for **Seabiscuit** at Mexico City. Three of his youngsters—**General's Aide**, **Sea Skipper** and **Sea Floe**—were winners the first time out down there on the same card. Charles S. Howard has three of the **Biscuit's** top 3-year-olds—**Sea Swallow**, **Sea Sovereign** and **Mediterranean**—in training at Santa Anita Park in charge of Bud Stotler.

Edwin Janss has W. E. Boeing's **Devil's Thumb** standing at Conejo with his **Boxthorn** and **Trace Call**.

Henry A. Aldrich of "Coming Mother" radio fame, is active on a modest scale in the California breeding industry. He has Count **Atlas** at stud at his Walkinary Ranch, Riverside, and has a pair of juveniles eligible for the California Breeders Champion Stakes. **Tymolite** is the name he has given a **Jean Bart**—**Luisa Nagra** yearling colt and he has a **Ward Boss**—**Finis Ballot** 2-year-old filly.

Erik Krag, a new-comer to the breeder ranks, reports a chestnut filly foal by \***Beti Bat** out of \***Triple Queen** at his Aptos Ranch near Santa Cruz.

Ernie Shaw is enthusiastic over the bookings of the Australian, **Reading II**, that is making his first season at J. H. Ryan's Ryanna Ranch.

### Photos Busy At Hialeah

Hialeah Race Course continues to bask in the photographic spotlight, horse racing or no horse racing. Color cameramen from Fox-Movietone newsreel, Saturday Evening Post magazine and Acme photo service have been busy at the track, along with Associated Press and International News Service black-and-white photographers.

## Horsemen And The Army

By Louis A. Nelson

Capt. William W. Galt of Stanford, Montana was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for single-handedly paving the way toward the capture of a heavily fortified enemy position on the Italian front on May 29th, 1944.

The Montana ex-cowboy and nationally known rodeo rider was mortally wounded when he stood exposed in the turret of his tank destroyer and personally manned a .30-caliber machinegun in the face of withering enemy fire. Capt. Galt succeeded in overrunning the German position, killing and wounding many before an 88mm shell struck the tank destroyer, fatally wounding all occupants.

General Joseph Stilwell, new Army Ground Forces Commander displayed his usual keen sense of humor recently at a USO in Carmel, California. A youthful, nervous trooper from nearby Fort Ord approached the general and very seriously asked the question: "General Stilwell, Sir, us—a bunch of us here are cavalrymen, Sir, and uh—we wanted to ask you Sir, do you use horses in China?"

"Uncle Joe," the soldier's soldier grinned and replied: "Certainly—they're delicious."

Sgt. Robert Egan, clever show riding rider from San Mateo, California, is now serving with a cavalry unit in Burma. Presumably in the same outfit is Charles Finnerty of New Orleans, Louisiana, a veteran ex-jockey who hung up his tack shortly before the start of the war after many years of race-riding. Now he's back in the saddle again, riding for Uncle Sam.

Cpl. George Hanneford, Jr., stationed at Fort Riley with the Cavalry School, can certainly be proud of his little twelve-year-old sister Kay. The diminutive bare-back equestrienne captivated the hearts of thousands of circus-goers recently at the Public Auditorium in Cleveland where the annual Al Sirat Grotto Circus had a highly successful one week stand.

An integral part of the Hanneford Family of bare-back riding fame, little Kay at the age of twelve promises to develop into one of the greatest bare-back performers even seen under canvas.

Sgt. Andrew Pastern of Cleveland and former owner of the Twin Oak Riding Club near Bedford, writes that he is seeing plenty of action on the Western Front at the present time. Pastern has managed to come through the African, Sicilian and Normandy landings unscathed.

Cpl. Laddie Andahazy, popular young horseman from Cleveland and

owner of the good open jumper Blitzkrieg, recently sent home to his family a captured German cavalry saddle among many other souvenirs.

Laddie, who is fighting in Germany now, was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received on D-Day. He has no comment to make regarding the captured saddle, but the writer understands there's quite a story behind it.

Seen in downtown Cleveland recently, was Colonel Ralph King of Gates Mills, Ohio. The former Master of the Gates Mills Hunt Club was home on a brief leave from his duties as Commanding Officer of the 107th Cavalry from Ohio which is stationed at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma at the present time.

A small group of patriotically minded horsemen from Cleveland have conceived the idea of starting a reconditioning center on the outskirts of the city for partially disabled servicemen. Plans are in the process of being drawn up and when completed, will be submitted to Governor Lausche of Ohio. It is hoped that State or Federal funds will be made available for this purpose.

As has been pointed out in The Chronicle many times before, just about one of the quickest ways of getting a convalescing serviceman on the road to recovery, is by having him outdoors as much as possible and participating in various sports, depending of course on the nature and extent of his injury. Since riding has been generally recognized as

the best form of activity for most recuperative purposes, the sponsors of the "Ride Your Way to Fitness" program will concentrate on horseback riding alone.

As yet there is no indication that the state or government will support such a venture, however, the idea is very commendable and it is hoped that something will come of it.



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## Of Interest To Hound Men

By John P. Bowditch

During a recent visit with my old friend Bill Hulbert, of Middleburg, Virginia, he told me something about hounds that I feel sure will interest Chronicle readers. I couldn't get him to write it but got him to o. k. what I say here.

Some years ago he decided the three local packs were too fast for the best sport, and that it would be a good idea to try a bloodhound cross to slow them down and have even better nose and cry.

When he was looking around for a bloodhound, Sterling Larrabee said he had three bloodhounds and if Bill would like them he could have them. They were so shy, on arrival, it took Bill days to get a hand on them. Finally one bitch became very friendly, came in the house and was really nice and responsive to have around. This bitch was bred to one of the Middleburg stud dogs. There were several puppies of various colors, a black bitch with a white shirt front and cuffs was put in the Middleburg pack; a red one with Orange County and a black and tan with the Piedmont—each matching in pretty well in color with the different packs.

Instead of turning out slow hounds, all three of these were fast and on account of superior noses were up with the leaders. Bill saw most of the one which went to Middleburg and he said time after time, here was the lady with the white shirt front away on ahead of the pack. The bitch with the Orange County was so good that the blood was incorporated in the pack. Bill thinks the one that went to Piedmont, also very good, is responsible for the black ring necks that were a large part of Winston Guest's pack now thrown in with Blue Ridge.

A fourth puppy went to Cincinnati and gave a fine account of himself. The mother went to Arizona to a pack, hunting lions. The scenting there is desperate-ground dry and sandy, and the terrain full of shrubs and cactus—and everything with thorns on it.

Bill hunted with this pack and saw this particular hound do an extraordinary thing—stand on her hind legs for seconds at a time smelling the leaves and brambles on the bushes the lion had gone under. None of the other hounds could do a thing with the ground so dry.

To go back to the performance of these hounds in Virginia—staying up with the leaders of these packs—although not so well built for speed as many of the natives, seems to show that within reasonable limits of conformation, the better the nose the faster the hound.

The two remaining bloodhounds Bill did not want to keep. Though he was interested to find out how a bloodhound was trained to track down a man, he could find no literature descriptive of training bloodhounds. He got in touch with the man in charge of bloodhounds at Lorton Prison on The Potomac. This man was immediately interested and came up to get the hounds right away.

While at the Hulberts, Bill had a chance to ask him how he trained a bloodhound to track a man. He said it was done every day from the time they were puppies, by the man who fed them constantly carrying their feed a greater distance from the kennel, then graduating from that to tracking the man for some distance and rewarding them with raw meat at the end. Then before starting on a man's trail, they would be given some of his clothing to smell and be cheered on to show them here was their reward before being put on the trail.

This man said there was no literature that he knew on the subject; that he had learned what he knew from his predecessor, he having started in as kennel boy.

In further discussion before the man left, he told Bill the following most interesting anecdote.

A prisoner had escaped from his sleeping quarters—jumping some eighteen feet out of a window and leaving a very plain trail to the eye.

Three of the best hounds were taken there within a short time. They were given the bedding from the fugitive's bed to smell but they took no interest in the trail. Then they were given the mattress to smell, but no interest could be aroused. It was a puzzle not to be accounted for until some days later when one of the other prisoners asked to see the man in charge of the bloodhounds. The prisoner said, "I wouldn't tell you this if I weren't a hound man and so interested, and also, my pal is now safely far away. We put up a job on you and I fooled the bloodhounds by changing the bedding on the fugitive's bed with my own bedding and mattress."

The conversation also brought out the fact that a foxhound, by the same methods, can be trained to track a man down, but he can not take the scent after it is two or three hours old while a bloodhound can run a trail ten to twelve hours old.

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The Meet was at the Kennels at noon, and the mixed pack comprised 28 1-2 couples. So large a number was due to our huntsman wanting to give hounds exercise, which owing to the bad weather, it has been so difficult to do of late.

A fox was found in Chesterland Swamp. They hunted slowly through Upland woods and then broke cover to the east, running through the Chandler Farm. It was apparent that scent was good, and hounds ran very fast. They crossed the Upland-Unionville Road and carried on through Warren Clark's farm to Mr. Harris', where our pilot turned north as though headed for Hayes' Woods, but something turned him just as we reached the old William Murphy farm.

Here they turned back and ran south, skirting the east end of Webbs' Woods and then on through the Sheehan farm, leaving Mr. and Mrs. John Cross' on the left to "Cedarcroft".

This big 1,500 acre estate, was formerly owned by Bayard Taylor, the well known statesman and author, who in about 1860 wrote "The Story of Kennett", which describes the account of the fox hunt which took place at Cedarcroft in that year.

This property has been owned for many years by Mr. J. B. D. Edge until his death a few years ago and is still owned by the Estate. The park around the house contains magnificent trees and shrubbery—in fact one feels it is a bit of old England, which is but natural, as Mr. Edge's ambition during his lifetime was to direct the vast improvements he made to the place in accordance with his former homeland in England.

Hounds continued on through the park to the outskirts of Kennett

Square, where as they came to the road leading from Kennett Square to Willowdale they checked. Hounds were held forward across the road, hoping to hit the line, but after some considerable delay word came from some children that the fox had crossed the road, but had turned back in the underbrush in Cedarcroft Park. Too much time had elapsed, so it was given up. This hunt lasted just 45 minutes.

Hounds were then taken back on miles to Pinkerton's, where they found again, and we had a quick dash to ground in "The Plantation".

Our third fox was found in Felton's Hill. Scent had now changed and was not too good, and they could only run slowly through the old Scott farm, to and through Stony Batter, as though headed for Millin's Hill, but here he was turned back by a motor, and he ran across the lawn of Mrs. Marvel's place (the former Mrs. Sonny Whitney) and through the Doe Run Valley to duPont Weir's, where he turned east and ran on to the Brooklawn Woods, where after 50 minutes failed and hounds went home, reaching the kennels at 5:30. A good, enjoyable and useful day.—Sandou.

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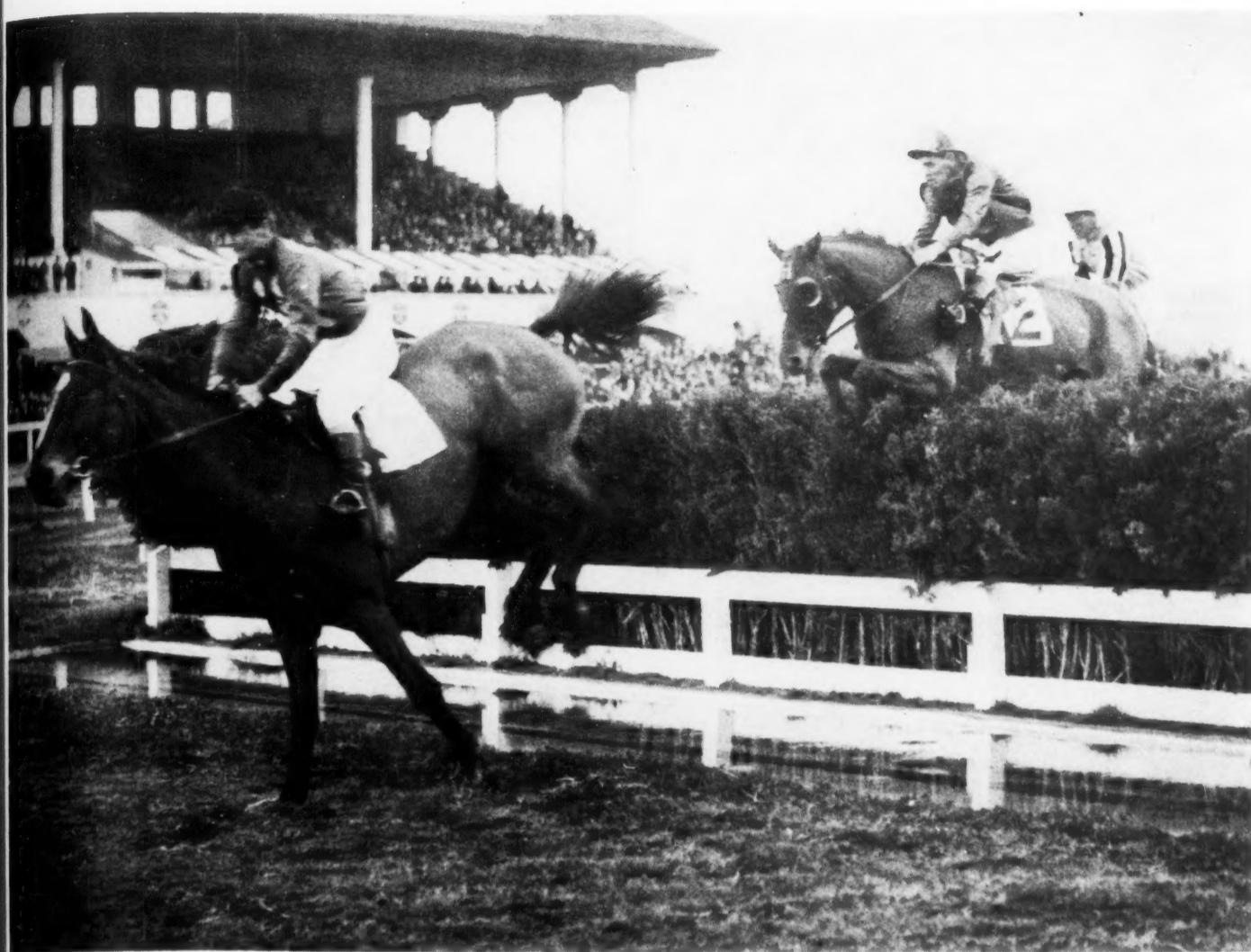
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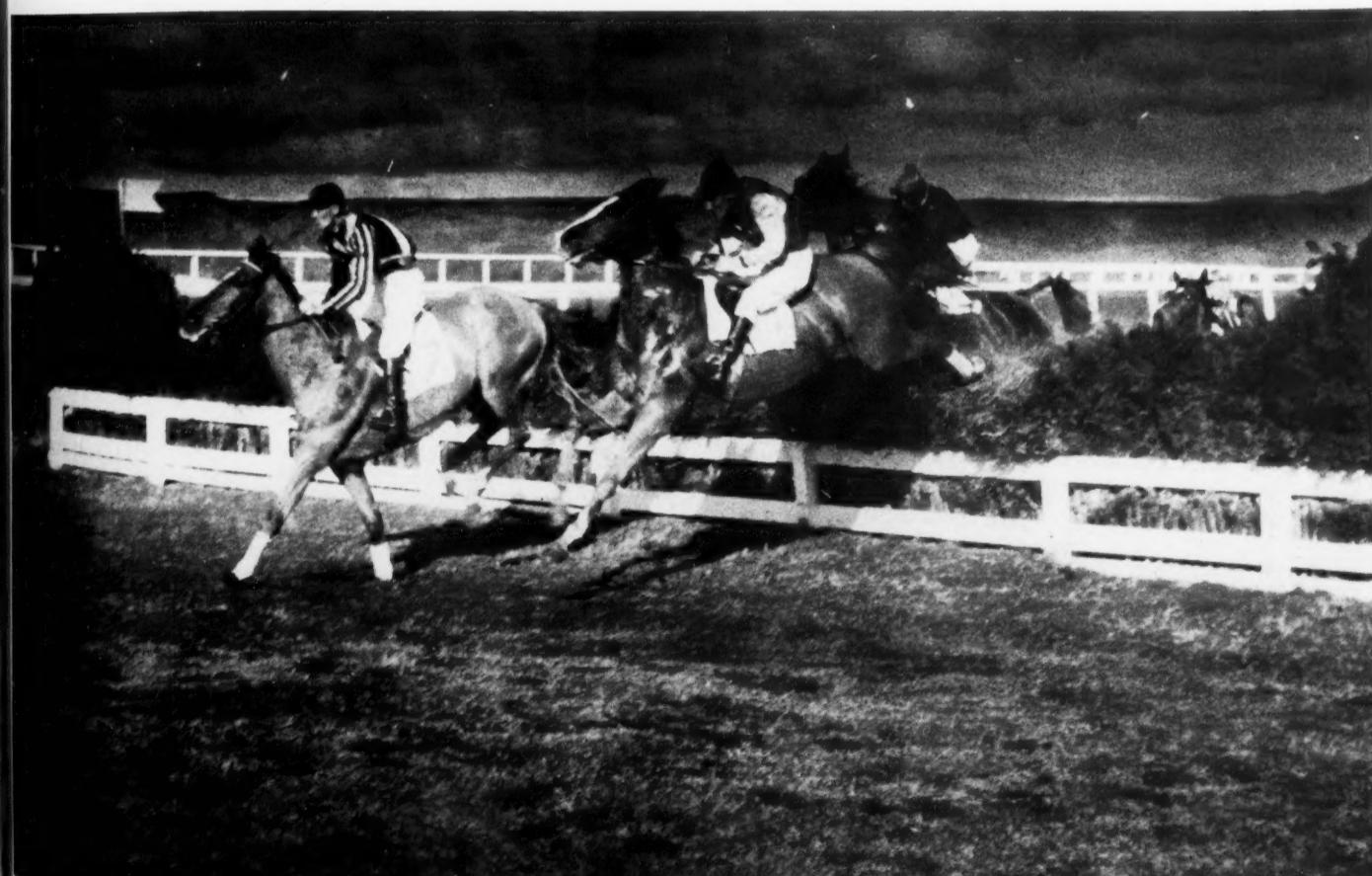
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## WHEN STEEPELCHASEING AT AGUA CALIENTE



Whenever sportsmen get together, they always reminisce. Back in the days when there was steeplechasing at Agua Caliente, remember that February 22 when BIG REBEL was leading the field over the water jump, followed by PINE TAG and CUPID?



Go back to a Sunday, December 28, on that day the 'chasers pictured over the brush jump were led by EPINDEL, with DOOR MARK next and then GLAZENWOOD. It was the El Primero Steeplechase.

## BRYN MAWR HOUND SHOW

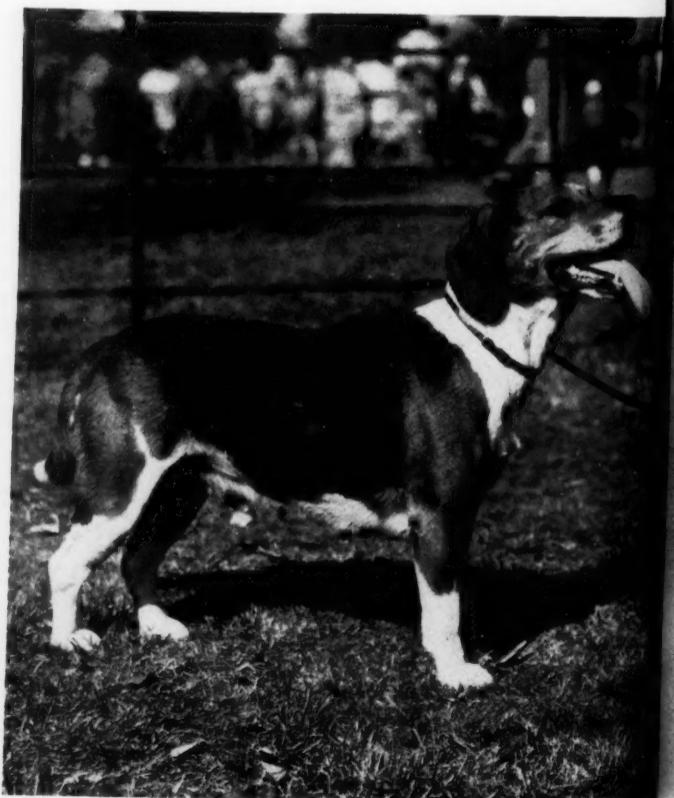
(Photos by Freudy)



The hound shows were outstanding events and exhibitors and spectators alike will be glad when they resume. Many hound and beagle people will remember the above general view of the Bryn Mawr hound show held on the grounds of the Radnor Hunt Club.



This show was the year Blissful from Orange County Hounds and Expert from the Millbrook Hunt were outstanding. Blissful was the best bitch in the show and Expert was the best dog, with Blissful winning the title of best in show.



Another winner that year was Manifest, champion fifteen pound bitch from the Vernon-Somerset Beagles.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1945

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tors.

## RADNOR HUNT

White Horse (P. O. Malvern)  
Chester County, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1883.  
Recognized 1894.



After a long month of snow, bad weather and poor going, hounds went out Saturday, February 10th. The temperature was mild, and there was still plenty of snow on the ground.

Hounds met at the Hunt Club and moved off at about 11:15 a. m. to draw Fairy Hill. Huntsman Evans covered the hill thoroughly and found nothing, took hounds through McCahan's woods and on the way to Honeyman's cover, they put up in Brushwood Swamp a fox which gave the field a short and fast burst back to Fairy Hill where he went to ground.

Hounds drew Pratt's without luck and then were headed for Delchester. On the way coming out of the woods, the field saw a fox sitting by his earth, but not finding the situation to his taste, he went to ground immediately. In Delchester Woods, Johnny Harlow saw a fox and blew his whistle, bringing the hounds and huntsman from the other side of the woods. The hounds struck the line and in full cry came down the wheat field hill and turned right handed and circling right handed turned into the woods. Whipper-in Joe Bird had some trouble at this time dissuading four hound puppies bent on pulling apart a skunk. Hounds ran the line back over the wheat field on the Ashton farm, through Mr. Shaefer's fields, and on to Fairy Hill, through both coverts on Fairy Hill, continuing at a rapid pace past Sheldrake's, across Providence Road, and into a field next to the Midstream Farm, where Joint Masters, Mrs. Roy Jackson and Mr. Walter Stokes, decided to call it a day and go home, for the hounds had had enough considering the heavy going.

The field then assembled at the Hunt Club for breakfast. At the finish were Mrs. Walter Stokes on Bodacious, Mrs. Brinton Lucas on Major, Miss Ruth Neilson on Swings, Mrs. William Strawbridge on her chestnut Lightplay, Mr. Joseph Morris on Red Rufus and Mr. Otis Erisman on Roebuck, the last two horses are expected to do well in the point-to-point this spring.—D. K.

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## CAMARGO HUNT

Spooky Hollow Road,  
Montgomery, Ohio.  
(P. O. R. F. D. 10, Box 255,  
Cincinnati, 27, Ohio).  
Established 1925.  
Recognized 1928.



## Fixture For March, 1945

Saturday, March 10, 1:30 P. M.  
The Kennels

Tuesday, March 13, 2:00 P. M.  
Mr. Atkins'

Thursday, March 15, 2:00 P. M.  
Mr. Smith's

Tuesday, March 17, 1:30 P. M.  
Mr. Emery's Stables

Tuesday, March 20, 2:00 P. M.  
Mr. Sutphin's Stables

Thursday, March 22, 2:00 P. M.  
The Kennels

Saturday, March 24, 1:30 P. M.  
Mr. Goodman's

Tuesday, March 27, 2:00 P. M.  
Camargo Stables

Thursday, March 29, 2:00 P. M.  
Mr. Emery's South Gate

Saturday, March 31, 1:30 P. M.  
Mr. Smith's (To finish Season).

Leonard S. Smith, Jr., and O. DeGray Vanderbilt, Jr., Joint Masters.

## MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. 1.  
Pennsylvania.  
Established 1929.  
Recognized 1931.



On the 17th we drew all the coverts on Furnace Ridge blank. Old line in Neilson's Woods proved too old to be worked out. Hounds lifted and taken to Emery's. The snow being deeper and footing more difficult than any other place, we were about to call it a day when Trace found on the south slope of Emery's thicket. It was just four o'clock. Fox made a small circle in Emery's pines, then south through Engleman's Farm across dirt road into Kleckner's summer place. We crossed highway into impassable steep Harlem Ridge. The field stood on the highway from which point they could plainly see and hear the hounds as they pushed our fox up to the top, then along the ridge for a few miles to have him circle into Schultz's Farm. As he recrossed the Hereford-Harlem Highway, he was viewed by the Hunt Staff. He was far from being a "spent fox" as was able to run on top of the snow while the hounds broke through. In spite of this, the hounds kept driving him as he made two more identical circles. It was 9:15 when he finally went to ground in Spaar's south woods. Hounds had been running continuously for five hours. It was hard to pick out any outstanding hounds as they all did splendid work at various stages of the run. Perhaps Trace, a Pen-Marydel hound, with her drive and confidence did more than any hound to keep the pace hot. Honorary Whippers-in Major Hall and Squire Shelly were most efficient throughout and are now functioning in a manner worthy of the best professionals.

February 24th, we drew our favorite coverts for two hours without luck. It was four o'clock when the hounds found their fox on Orchard Hill. They pushed him down the South Slope across dirt road into Schultz open fields. Above Hereford he crossed Hereford-Harlem Road into the steep Burr Ridge where he was marked to ground after 50 minutes of steady running.

Bluebell's puppies, Bomber, Bugler and Bazooka on their first fox line were in for the entire run.

Miss Margaret MacRae of the Moore County Hounds, charming guest of Master Ely, seemed to enjoy hunting in the snow.—W. E. B.

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## POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm,  
Rockville,  
Maryland.  
Established 1910.  
Recognized 1931.



## Fixtures For March, 1945

Harkaway Farm 10  
Craggwood 13

Piney Spring Farm 17  
Meet Time 1:45 P. M.

Landowners are invited to hunt. Please close gates, replace bars and avoid stock. Keep off seeded and soft ground. Report all damage to Master. In case of inclement weather call WIS. 1868.

Col. H. H. Emmes and Ralph Cunselman Joint M. F. H. F. Moran McConie Secretary.

**INSURE your future-  
Save WITH WAR BONDS**

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A "full cry" of hunting  
A monthly foxhunting magazine  
featuring

## HOUNDS

## FIELD TRIALS

## BENCH SHOWS

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Heavy Wt. Hunter Prospects

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SHOW HORSES

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Marie A. Moore, Warrenton, Va.

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Flat and Steeplechase Prospects

Bred from Famous Whitney Mares

Upperville, Va. Mrs. M. E. Whitney

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Choice Lot of Young Thoroughbreds

and Half-Breds

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Show Prospects

Marshall, Va. Marshall 16-F-22

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Mr. and Mrs. George Greenhalgh

—HORSES—

The kind you like to ride yourself

Berryville, Va. Phone 47

Always on hand a few good hunters

Buy WAR BONDS

## Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

at around 30,000—of whom the majority were, moreover, receiving bed and board free of charge—as guests of Columbia she was being truly hospitable to them.

Now, that is too many for one individual to take on, especially when the entire 30,000 act potentially as one. And never was *esprit de corps* more perfect than throughout the entire phalanx. They are here for a purpose, that purpose has been perfectly imparted to all of them, and they are unanimous in pursuing it. It seems superfluous to state that the said purpose is to get everything out of America that is gettable—and as much langniappe as comes handy.

I will, therefore very briefly touch upon Mr. Waller's two heads of complaint and then bid farewell to him.

His first contention is that citizens of the British Isles are not allowed to subscribe to American periodicals because their dollar resources have been so thoroughly drained off by war requirements that only the sheerest necessities can be purchased abroad.

This is truly extraordinary!

How has this country so expanded her dollar resources that she has not only millions but billions for any and every un-necessity for any and everybody under the sun?... It has been easy.... Just by keeping the printing presses of the National Bank Note Co. running day and night, turning out crisp new greenbacks literally by the billion.

This short-cut to illimitable wealth has been pursued under the guidance of British financial wizards, who number a large proportion of the 30,000 guests of Columbia above-referred-to and whose habitat is sundry, Oaks, Woods, and other nesting places, secluded from the public gaze. At their head is the most colossal financial wizard that Britain has ever boasted—which is saying something, in sooth.

Reference is to that world-renowned prestidigitator, John Maynard Keynes. You know—the super-eminent economist that married a Russian ballet-dancer, who has perfected him in the divertissement of dancing upon the American taxpayer's pocket-book.

If England would only initiate the policy which she has so successfully provided for America—objectively, you understand—she might not only subscribe to all American sporting journals for all her citizens but any and everything else in print here or elsewhere, for the duration.

Having disposed of this important question with a wave of the financial wand, according to the protocols, let us pass on to the second and last one which Mr. Waller brings forward.

He very engagingly deposes that he is "not qualified" to speak about it—but that does not hinder him from speaking at some length. Which again is thoroughly in the British tradition and evidences how well trained he is for putting us to rights.

When he has boiled the Jersey Act down to its essential, they appear as the determination of the British breeders—per the Jockey Club—to maintain the prestige of their particular breed of Thoroughbreds in the eyes of the rest of the world—especially "in continental buyers' opinions."... And right there the feline emerges from the

bag.

She emerges not in the shape of "purity of blood"; or superiority of merit; or intrinsicality of sportsmanship; or any other of the acclaimed enabling clauses, but just in that of prestige in the eyes of Continental buyers.... Mr. Waller does not underscore the word buyers—but very probably Mr. Keynes would have done so had he been preparing the dossier.

We have, therefore, this interesting situation:

The Jersey Act specifies that no horse is Thoroughbred unless all his ancestors, without exception, appear in the General Stud Book.

Meanwhile the Jersey Act itself, Mr. Waller tells us, was begotten by Fanaticism out of Prestige.... Perhaps he can find such an animal in some one of the volumes of the G. S. B. published previous to 1913, the year in which the Jersey Act was foaled; but, for myself, I am unable to.

Incidentally, when Mr. Waller remarked that he was "not qualified" to discuss the Jersey Act his blushing admission was a just one. That is established by the fact that he refers to "the continental buyers" as persons in whose eyes the prestige of the British Thoroughbred must fanatically be maintained.

Now the most important of these Continental buyers are the French.... And it is notorious that French turfmen have repeatedly taken a stand for the repeal of the Jersey Act. The reason being that many of their best horses carry the so-called "American stain"—just as many of the British do; the said "stain" having been acquired before the Jersey Act was passed, and the Jersey-actors not daring to "eliminate" them from the General Stud Book for reasons too apparent to require a diagram.... Which endeth the parable.

## LETTER TO SALVATOR

Dear "Salvator"—

As a visiting "limey" who awaits Friday's *Chronicle* with eagerness, I am saddened to note a tinge of acrimony in your article in last week's issue of that delightful paper, on the subject of the exclusion of American publications from the General Stud Book for reasons too apparent to require a diagram.... Which endeth the parable.

May I suggest that your article attributes motives which are nonexistent and ignores reasons which while unfortunate are compelling.

The fact is that the earliest stages of the war drained the dollar resources of the United Kingdom, likewise hocked its property of every kind in the Americas to provide the wherewithal for the Cash and Carry war purchases which were then obligatory.

When relieved of this necessity by Lend Lease, the British export production was dropped to 2 per cent of its former size in order to provide war and wartime power for war purposes.

This did nothing to refill our dollar stocks being very barely enough to purchase prime necessities which either because they came from South America, or for some reason were not considered eligible for Lend Lease, had to be paid for and paid in dollars.

Like any hard-up individual in private life, we had to run a blue pencil through a whole lot of things we'd dearly like to have had, but which of necessity we must go without, since our purchasing power was so reduced.

American publications of almost

## Hunt Racing

Continued From Page One

will go again and Mrs. Scott at Montpelier will, doubtless as usual give her meeting at her own expense.

Prior to the War, there was a regular circuit of hunt race meetings extending from Camden in the South to Long Island. In 1939, for instance, starting with the Sandhills Steeplechases at Pinehurst on March 18th and continuing each Saturday until June 10th when the United Hunts closed the spring season, there were thirteen hunt club meetings, two of which, Rose Tree and Radnor also ran on Wednesdays. In the Fall starting with the very important Fair Hills Meeting on September 26th, and continuing until November 18th when the Montpelier Hunt Meeting was held, there were twelve hunt meetings.

Three of these, the Rolling Rock, Rose Tree and Essex also ran on Wednesday. Thus thirty days of hunt racing were given in this year. In addition, the Billy Barton Steeplechase at Pimlico in the spring, the Vicmead Steeplechase at Delaware Park and the Masters of Fox Hounds steeplechases were also held under hunt auspices. During the season, many important hunt club challenge cup races were held at these meetings, such as the Carolina Cup, the Rose Tree Challenge Cups for steeplechasers and cross country races, Spring and Fall, the Meadow Brook Cup, the National Hunt Cup and others. Contrast this with last

every class came under the ban. It could not honestly be argued that they contributed to the prosecution of the war, at least to an equal extent with some other commodities.

Stark necessity, not ill-will, has governed British policy in this matter, and I am most sorry to see you attribute the baser motive which I know is unjustified.

As regards the Jersey Act, I am not qualified to speak, since I am not directly interested in bloodstock breeding; but I must point out that the Act is at least impartial in that it applies equally to Australian, New Zealand and Continental bloodstock.

After all, if a body of breeders set out to establish a "Thoroughbred" stock, it is inevitable that there should be rules, and equally inevitable that rules should "pinch" some people somewhere. Rules always do.

I fancy that your breeders of American native breeds such as Morgan, etc., etc., are probably stringent as to who they admit to their breeding lines. Breeders are inclined to be fanatical and even unreasonable, the world over, but I honestly doubt whether any of these, on the whole, benevolent gentlemen, harbour unworthy motives in their "rules." That intangible thing prestige is involved in bloodstock, and to hazard it—say in Continental buyers' opinions—would be ill-considered. Faith is so much easier to shake than to restore.

Forgive my prosing letter. I have so much enjoyed my contacts with American sporting men and women since I have been over here that I must regret anything which could upset one of the surest bonds of interest that exists.

I am sir,

Yours sincerely,

John W. Waller.

3705 McKinley St.,  
Washington, D. C.  
27 February 1945

season when Rose Tree, Middleburg and Montpelier with the fine Iroquois steeplechase at Nashville were the only hunt races given.

Since the beginning of the war, a factor has arisen that will prove quite a stumbling block to the resumption of hunt racing. I refer to the increased popularity of steeplechasing at the big tracks and especially to the big purses that are given for these events. The purses at most of the hunt race meetings, prior to the war, were nominal, to say the least. In my opinion, these purses must be raised. In most cases, the purses cannot be upped very much as most of the meetings were run at a very small net profit if any. It will, thus be up to the hunt club owners of steeplechase horses to stand behind the hunt meetings as they have always done and there is, no doubt, that they will do so. Most of the clubs have announced that they will start their races again after the war.

Though steeplechasing has flourished and there are more good steeplechase horses than ever before in this country and what is just as important, more owners of jumping horses, one of the most interesting features of hunt racing has been a complete blank since the war. This is the great cross country races that were such attractions at almost all of the meetings. The season before the war, cross country racing seemed to be in better condition than for many years. Many fine timber horses were in training. All of these have had no racing, though a few of them have made a place for themselves over brush. A new start will have to be made and it is hoped that this sport will be revived with greater vigor than ever before. This will help the hunt racing situation as owners of timber horses almost invariably have others in training and if they send their timber horse or horses to a meeting, they will probably send other entries. It may be that the United Hunts may be called on for two or three years to bolster the purses for some of the meetings until they get on their financial legs again.

In the long run, the success of the revival of hunt racing after the war will depend mainly on the interest of hunt club owners and their willingness to send entries even though the purses do not compare with the money put up at the big tracks.

## Horses And Colors

Continued from Page One

chestnut. Black horses of class, in the 1944 list, are much fewer in numbers than the others, with the exception of grays, and the only two top juveniles listed for 1944 were *Best Effort* and the filly, *Price Level*.

The bay coloring varies considerably in shade from a dull red, approaching the brown, to a yellowish coloring that is near to the chestnut but it can be distinguished from the chestnut by the fact that the bay has a black mane and tail and, almost invariably, has black on the limbs. Among the prominent bays of 1944 were the 2-year-olds, *Hall Victory*, *Twosy*, *Errard*, *Alexis* and *Fighting Don*. That particular coloring had two other champions in *Twilight Tear*, who was the "horse of the year", and *Devil Diver*, generally conceded to be the best handicap performer of the season.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1945

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(These dates change.)

1 & 22—Indoor

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Horse Show

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15 & 20 or 26

Marion, New

15 & 20 or 26

Show, Har

oaks Hunt

Neck, L.

Western Mar

field, Mass

15 & 27—Deep

Richmond,

to June 2—L

(tentative)

1 & 3—Watch

Watching,

1 & 3—Sedg

N. C.

1 & 10—Grand

Grand Rap

1 & 10—Conn

1 & 10—Second

Stable, San

13 to 16, inc. 1

Charred To

11 & 17—Long

Show, Lon

11 & 18—Blackwood H

11 & 17—Tarry

Show, West

2 & 15—Richar

Island, N.

2 & 14—Gymkh

Show, Gymk

Mateo, Calif

2 & 14—De V

Horse Show

2 & 15—Three C

11 & 12—Ch

Devon, Pa

2 & 20 or 29 & 3

Hardford, Conn

2 to 30 Inc.—Los

Show

2 to 30, inc. Bryn M

Inc., Bryn M

Pa.

2 & 15—Bellevue

Pa.

2—Lancaster and Br

land, Va.

2 to Oct. 6 Inc.

Ormond, N. J.

1 & 7—Rock

Jersey

1—Third Annual

Meeting, Mc

1—Litchfield Hor

1—10th Regiment

Newburg, N. Y.

1 to 14, inc.—Na

America, Linc

1 & 15—Brooklyn

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Barbara Worth

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1—Deep Run H

mond, Va.

1—Deep Run H

Richmond, V

Barbara Worth

Fourth of a

Calif.

1—Brandywine C

Chesapeake, Pa.

## The Sporting Calendar

### Horse Shows

(These dates are tentative and subject to change.)

#### APRIL

11 & 12—Indoor Spring Horse Show, Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.  
**MAY**  
6—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.  
12 & 13—Sectar Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, New York.  
13—Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., New York.  
15 to 20, inc.—Los Angeles National Spring Horse Show.  
15 & 16, 25 & 27—Meadow Brook Saddle Club Horse Show, N. C.  
15 & 20 or 21 & 27—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, New York.  
15 & 16, 25 & 27—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.  
25—Oak Hunt Horse Show (tentative), Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.  
25—Western Massachusetts Horse Show, Springfield, Mass.  
25 & 26—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.  
26 to June 2—Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (tentative).

#### JUNE

1 & 3—Watching Riding & Driving Club, Watchung, N. J.  
1, 8 & 9—Sedgefield Horse Show, Sedgefield, N. C.  
1 & 10—Grand Rapids Charity Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
1 & 10—Connecticut Valley Horse Show.  
1 & 10—Second Annual Horse Show, Leon Stables, San Leandro, Calif.  
13 to 15, inc.—Charles Town Horse Show, Charles Town, W. Va.  
15 & 17—Long Meadow Junior League Horse Show, Long Meadow, Mass.  
15—Birchwood Horse Show, Wethersfield, Conn.  
15 & 17—Tarrytown Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Westchester Co., N. Y.  
22 & 23—Richmond Co. Horse Show, Staten Island, N. Y.  
24—Gymkhana Club's 16th Annual Horse Show, Gymkhana Club, 20th Ave., San Mateo, Calif.  
24 & 25—De Witt Kiwanis Tecumseh Club Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y.  
24 & 25—Three Oaks Riding Club Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.  
25 & 26—Ox Ridge, Darien, Conn.

#### JULY

1, 3 & 4—Cache Valley Horse Show Ass'n., Logan, Utah.  
1 & 4—Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.  
11, 13 & 14—Monmouth Co. Horse Show, Rumson, N. J. (tentative).  
12 & 13—Junior League Horse Show of Colorado Springs (tentative).

#### AUGUST

4 & 5 or 11 & 12—Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, New York (tentative).  
11—Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.  
11—Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.  
12—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show, Keswick, Va.  
12 & 20—Pioneer Valley Horse Association, Athol, Mass.

#### SEPTEMBER

1 & 2—Williamsport Horse Show, Williamsport.  
1 & 3—Warren Horse Show Association, Warren, Va.  
1 & 3—Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.  
1—Bladon Fair Horse Show, Mass.

1 & 2—Quennti Riding Club Horse Show, Quentin, Pa.  
1 to 5, inc.—Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky.

1—Central Wisconsin State Fair Ass'n. Horse Show.

1, 8 & 9—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.

1—Helping Hand Horse Show, Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

14, 15 or 17, 28 & 29—Piping Rock Horse Show Association, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).

15 & 16—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Inc., Fairfield, Conn.

21, 22 & 23—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).  
21, 22 & 23—Chester County Horse Show, Devon, Pa.

22 & 23 or 29 & 30—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.  
23 to 30, inc.—Los Angeles National Fall Horse Show.

23 to 28—Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, Inc., Bryn Mawr, Pa. (tentative).  
23 & 26—Bellewood Horse Show, Pottstown, Pa.

23—Lance and Bridle Club Horse Show, Ashland, Va.  
23 to Oct. 6, inc.—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Omaha, Nebraska.

#### OCTOBER

1, 6 & 7—Rock Spring Horse Show, New Jersey.  
1—Third Annual McLean Horse Show at Bal-  
atre, McLean, Va.  
1—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.

1—20th Regiment National Guard Horse Show, Newburg, N. Y.

#### NOVEMBER

1 to 14, inc.—National Horse Show Ass'n. of America, Ltd., N. Y. (tentative).

#### DECEMBER

11 & 12—Brooklyn Horse Show, New York.

### Hunter Trials

#### MARCH

1—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

#### APRIL

1—Deep Run Hunt Club Hunter Trials, Rich-  
mond, Va.  
1—Deep Run Hunt Club Junior Hunter Trials,  
Richmond, Va.

#### MAY

1—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

### Point-to-Points

#### APRIL

1—Brandywine Hunt Point-to-Point, West Chester, Pa.

### Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

amongst our greatest joys in life despite all the anxiety they give us.

#### Historic Hunts

Someone asked me the other day if the historic run with the Hurworth Hounds from Eryholme to Kilton in Cleveland in 1775 (immortalised in Luke Cullen's picture "Foxhunting's regaling") is accepted as the greatest of the recorded northern hunts. I imagine it is mainly because of the aforementioned picture (now in the possession of Mr. H. Worcester Smith in U. S. A., although copies remain in Yorks), depicting Sir Charles Turner of Kirkleatham Hall (brush in hand) and others who struggled on to the end of the run, drinking a toast to "Old Caesar" and all the brushes in christendom".

The Eryholme run holds this status. Nevertheless, there are other hunts of which I have record, which were even more remarkable as to distance and time. The Sennington once ran to Roseberry Topping in the heart of the Cleveland country, and killed their fox there. The Cleveland returned the compliment by running a fox from near Guisborough to Gillamoor on the borders of the Farndale and Sennington domains. This fox too, was accounted for.

There is in the first volume of the "Sporting Mag" (1792), an account of a run equal to, or more noteworthy than any of these. This took place in November 1792 with Mr. Willoughby's Hounds, and was described as "one of the longest and severest runs ever known in England". A fox was found at Skuseley Wood, and killed on the moors seven miles beyond Black Hambleton, after a run of 4 hours and 10 minutes, with only one short check. The distance was calculated "at least fifty miles, over a very deep, strong country". The account goes on:

"The only persons in at the death were the two whippers-in, Lord Carlisle's stud-groom, and a gentleman of the name of Leatham. The exact account of this extraordinary run is: 'Found at fourteen minutes past ten on Skuseley-moor, ran some rings there then to Swarthill Springs, to Hovingham South Woods, then to Airyholme, and Wigganhorpe, ran some rings there, then to Duncombe Park, and on to the moors for eight miles, near Hambleton, and to Scawton, then to Old Byland, and (Rievaulx) and near Hawnby, where hounds ran from scent to view, which lasted about four miles. Killed hand-somely at fifteen minutes past two. Thirty couple of hounds went into the field, nineteen couples were in at the death'."

### Racing

#### MAY

1—June 4—Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 30 days.

19-26—Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

25-July 2—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

4-19—Niagara Racing Association, Ltd., Fort Erie, 14 days.

#### AUGUST

4-11—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

18-Sept. 3—Belleville Driving and Athletic Association, Ltd., Stamford Park, Niagara Falls, Ont. 14 days.

28-Sept. 15—Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

22-29—Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

3-10—Long Branch Jockey Club, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

13-20—Metropolitan Racing Association, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

### Racing In Russia

Continued from Page One

the sharp edges of life.

#### Historic Hunts

Your Lordship: Things go forward sportingly in the Kennels. Songstress whelped a litter of ten by Tantrum yesterday and they are as fine a lot of puppies as ever honored a Huntsman. (Seven dogs and three bitches, they are.) As for the hounds generally, it is amazing how well they come along, with the folks all around so high pleased with them. Squire Oakton, who knows a good 'un as well as the best, was remarking only the other day that he had never seen the Owlsley Hall Pack so well done by, which is indeed a compliment, if I do say so myself.

The old one-eyed vixen down in the Long Hedges has seven cubs. She is the one that gave us such a hard run the day the Vicar rode to hounds, with his Surplice under his hunting coat.

Tom Winters is a riding this way next week a blowing the horn for his stallion Crabapple. Pray, your Lordship, with your permission, we will not allow any of our mares to go to the horse. Crabapple's yearlings at Sir Richard Thickwood's are an uncommonly poor lot, what with their ewe necks and cow hocks, which Tom blames on the dams and they the good sort Sir Richard's groom, my brother, purchased for him at Tattersalls, after the most patient attendance there.

At the sales at Tatts this season, so I am told, there were many very likely hunters being offered quite reasonable.

Your Lordship, since it has never been my aim to practice concealment, I now come to Redcock, about whom there has been some bother. As you know, the horse has been failing since the end of the season and on the Monday after May Day he got down in his box and never was able to get on his legs again. For myself, I loved Redcock dearly, indeed first of all, barring my Missus, Lor' bless her, who sends her best' obedience. After burying Redcock in the south pasture on the Tuesday, so sad were the second groom and your humble servant, that we hacked to the village for a mug of ale at the Fox and Goose.

Everyone there was exceeding sad at hearing the news of Redcock's death and I assure Your Lordship the lad and I only had one mug each, or maybe two, and all hands deep in grief over the good horse that will sore be missed at the Hall, he coming to us in the same year that George Osbaldeston and your Lordship picked the winner of the Derby and won wagers of a thousand guineas each at smashing odds, the same year too, that Black Friar arrived at the Hall.

Begging your Lordship's pardon, for the bringing of news of Redcock's ending, this being a year of much tragedy and grief, I had nearly sent this letter to the post at this point except, as I have said, 'tis a low thing to practice concealment of any sort, and therefore I must inform Your Lordship that on the way back to the Hall from the Fox and Goose, with the second groom up, (and he a handsome lad) Black Friar shied at a couple of cats that bolted from a laurel patch in the moonlight and wrenched his shoulder so badly it was necessary to destroy him.

This I know will be a grievous

### Texas Notes

Continued from Page Five

Local friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Paul Bonner were highly gratified when Defense, the Bonner color bearer, established a new track record for the mile at the Hippodrome de las Americas last weekend. The Bonners have taken a house in Mexico City for the season, and several groups of their Texas friends are planning brief visits during the racing there.

Torrential rains during the past few days flooded the countryside but no harm was done any of the stock farms or Thoroughbred nurseries here and adjacent. Most of the rivers hereabouts were out of their banks and all of the highways were water covered at times.

Calumet Farm reports several Texas horsemen seeking Ocean Wave as a potential stallion for the Lone Star State. No decision has been made, nor will one be made until the future of racing and breeding is more definitely known, said Mrs. Margaret Glass, office manager for the Warren Wright interests there.

### Pinehurst Gymkhana

Continued from Page One

potato race and Wilmer Carter the sack race.

Some of the best horses in the Sandhills, as well as several out of town entries, took part in the hunter class. The Carolina ring outside course is a good test for a hunter as the last jump is about a 4'-6" post and rail. Again The Rebel, ridden by Susan Schley, made a magnificent performance to defeat Mrs. Alan Robson's entries, Goldenwood, ridden by Ginny Moss, and the grey gelding Blanco Rojo, Isabelle Robson riding.

Because so much interest has been shown in three of the hunter entries which were beautifully matched, a request was made that they be shown over the outside course as a hunt team, Goldenwood, with Ginny Moss up, The Rebel, Susan Schley up, and Sunwin, Margaret Skinner riding, made an excellent exhibition performance.

Judging the events were Horace Hunter, W. T. Northgrave, and C. Holl and Irving Smith of Toronto, Canada. Captain and Mrs. Dick Van Ingen, in charge of the Pinehurst Stables, managed the affair.

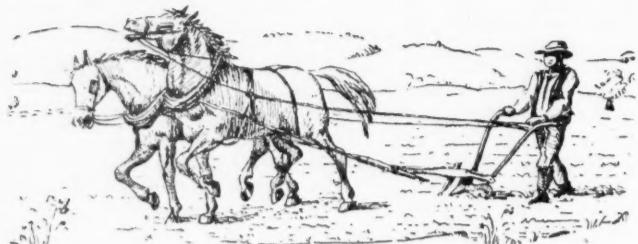
shock to Her Ladyship, and her hunting Black Friar so cleverly, yet I dare hope she will not think it an impertinence to remark that the horse has of late shown considerable heat in the near foreleg and 'tis doubted that he could have carried her next season, except at considerable risk to life or limb.

Your obedient servant,  
Ben Bloodgood, Huntsman.  
Owlsley Hall Kennels,  
29th May, 1840.

P. S.—Hard put as am I to recall all the events at the Hall, seeing that Redcock and Black Friar are no more since Your Lordship and Her Ladyship went up to London, I had almost forgotten to say that your daughter, Lady Sarah, eloped in the dog cart with the second groom the Wednesday after May Day. But we have a new lad coming to take his place in a fortnight.

B. B.

## FARMING in WAR TIME



### Managed Milking Saves Dairy Labor

Managed milking, ramps, and feed carts top the list of labor savers suggested for dairymen by W. H. Armstrong of the dairy husbandry department at Blacksburg, Va.

Managed milking, for instance, will save from three to four minutes per cow. With 30 cows milking twice a day, the dairy farmer who adopts the practice would save three hours a day. And three hours of any man's time is worth saving in these times.

Information about managed milking is available to anyone. Instructions will be forwarded to you if you write to the dairy department, V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.

Ramps in a dairy barn are suggested for saving time and steps where the barn is built on two levels with connecting steps. Figure the number of times those stairs are climbed doing chores on an average day and multiply by 365 days. It all amounts to a lot of unnecessary lifting. With a few hours and a little lumber and cement, it's a simple job to install ramps with gradual inclines.

Once you have the ramps, silage and feed carts are in order. Their use saves all kinds of time—as well as backaches. It's surprising, however, how many farmers still use buckets and bushel baskets to carry feed.

Often inexperienced help tries to save steps by making feed for the animals go farther. Of course, that means the cows don't get enough feed to keep milk production high. With feed carts, steps are already saved and so the cows are assured of their proper feed. They save time—for either you or the help—and they're easy to make.

### Plow Under Trash Instead Of Burning

It's fire weather—or at least it's supposed to be.

In normal years, it's time to be on the lookout for fires about the first of March. And the season usually lasts until the middle of May, with the peak in the two middle weeks of April.

If this year follows the normal pattern, folks who claim to be good neighbors won't do any outdoor burning during this period. Not that we could stop all woodland fires this way, but we could cut out the principal cause.

No matter how wet the ground may be now—remember that it can get dry very quickly. A day or two of warm weather is all we need to have fires.

There are times when burning is the only way to get rid of something diseased—such as old raspberry canes or prunings from fruit trees. Or burning may be the only practical way to get rid of heavy brush when new ground is cleared.

For the most part, however, there's something better to do than burn. If it's land to be plowed, trash of almost any kind should be plowed under long enough in advance to let it rot. If you can't get to it soon enough, it's better to rake up the trash and use it to mulch a gall.

If it's broomsedge in a pasture, it can be clipped. But the important thing is to apply fertilizers and so help the better grasses run out the weeds. And if it's brush, use it to stop a gully.

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**Sydney W. Glass**

GRANGE FARM,

R. D. 4, WEST CHESTER, PA.

Phone: West Chester, 2716

### July No Month To Market Lambs Specialists Warn

July will do for many things—but it's no month to market lambs.

With the hot July weather, consumers start eating lettuce leaves and gelatin instead of meat. That's one good reason why the lamb market isn't good in July. And the other is that too many sheep farmers send their lambs to market at this time.

Sheep raisers in Virginia alone, according to specialists, lose a good quarter of a million dollars every year by marketing lambs in July. Some producers have learned to stay off lamb marketing until September, while others find this impractical because their summer months are so hot.

July lambs simply need to be born earlier. After all, the late lamb has to make his main growth during the parasite season. His mother gives less milk and goes dry earlier. When it's hot, he loses his appetite, while the grass he gets has usually gone to seed.

The end result is that this late lamb is too often pushed off into the July muddle as a low grade lamb bringing from four to six dollars. If he had been born a month earlier, however, he'd have been in the 12 to 14 dollar class.

June is a poor month to get lambs ready for market, it seems, and there are figures from the experiment farm to prove it. Lambs made gains of five-tenths of a pound per day in May. In June, they made only four-tenths gain. In other words, there's a loss of from three to five pounds of gain per month in June over May. And think what it must be in July.

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## La Chilena

Last October William D. Polk of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, wrote to find out who wrote the following verse about a well known horse which had to be destroyed at Madison Square Garden some years ago:

## EPITAPH ON A GALLANT MARE

*Strength, courage, beauty, where the comets play,  
Your four bright crescents overleap their bars  
While on you gallop down the Milky Way  
To race with Pegasus among the stars.*

A telephone call to Mr. Polk started his cousin, Mrs. John S. Dennen on a search and resulted in a note from Mrs. Arthur Guiterman in which she stated that her husband had written the above. She and Mr. Guiterman had been to the horse show in 1940 and had seen and admired the beautiful Chilean mare. A few days later, they read of her death and then Mr. Guiterman wrote the Epitaph On A Gallant Mare, which is from his posthumous collection of poems, "Brave Laughter," published by Duttons, New York.

A poem was also written in Spanish in memory of the mare which Mrs. Dennen secured for The Chronicle from the Chile-American Association, Inc. This association is headed by Mrs. A. Kenny C. Palmer, widow of Col. Palmer who was instrumental in bringing the Chilean Army Team to the United States.

"LA CHILENA"  
Tonada—Cancion  
by

(Carlos Ulloa Diaz—Maria Galaz)

*The homeland is found in sorrow,  
And there is great and profound grief,  
Because "La Chilena" is dead,  
The best horse on earth.*

*There in the United States,  
She was always the champion,  
And led Major Yanez,  
To innumerable victories.*

*In all parts of the world,  
Our "Chilena" was triumphant,  
And weighed down with laurels,  
To her country would return.*

*But envious destiny,  
Seeing her great and proud,  
Went between her leaps,  
Truncating forever her life.*

*Courageous Chilena,  
Our dear little mare,  
We shall always remember you,  
Who was so noble in life.*

*And while you sleep peacefully,  
Your eternal slumber of glory,  
Today dear "Chilena" we offer you,  
This song to your memory.*

(Victory Record No. 53124  
by "Los Curicanos")

The poem was first submitted in Spanish but the association kindly translated it for us upon request.

While Mrs. Dennen was busily engaged in New York, a visitor arrived in Middleburg who was none other than Mrs. Leo Welch, here to see her daughter Gloria who is a student at Foxcroft. Being a small town where all new comers are noticed and the residents knowing what the other residents are thinking, a phone call brought to notice the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Welch were the former owners of the Chilean mare, *Chilena*.

Mrs. Welch said that she had ridden the mare and that she was previously named *Oxfly*. Mrs. Welch and Gloria had taken riding lessons from

Friends From America  
Continued from Page Two

son has got a quick eye, hasn't he, Fowler? Yes—that's where the quality comes from. What goes on Tuesday, Will—the doghounds or the bitches? How many are you taking?"

"I'm taking the doghounds, Sir," said the Huntsman,—"17 1-2 couple of 'em—and I'm takin' the doghounds because they're a bit bolder. You see, Sir, we've got a good many young hounds in the bitch pack, and some of 'em are a little timid. We'll have a big Field out, to a certainty—and there'll be some hard and jealous riders; though I hope, Sir," he added, "you'll do your best to keep 'em off my back. I always like to have a bold pack on the days when there's a big Field out; because I know that they'll come to me through anything, and that no Field will stop 'em. By the way, Sir," he added, "will you please caution that lady that was out the other day from Clarkham Cross—the one what you gave the brush to, Sir—about coming near anyone with that good-looking chestnut, horse of hers. He's a terrible kicker, Sir. He lashed out at Tom Gilson's horse and just missed him. I see him kick at a hound, too. Hadn't no red ribbon on his tail either. People oughtn't to bring that kind of horse into the hunting field—they're a public menace—'Public Enemy No. 1'—isn't that what they call 'em in the Paper, Sir? That lady was riding up very close, too, Sir, the other day. She almost brought me down at one fence." Alice said never a word, though she did exchange a quiet smile with Dick Chetland.

On their way back from the kennels they stopped to look at Harvey Jackson's horses, which were quartered at the Inn stables—four big clean-bred, just the type one sees at Aintree at Grand National time. One of them, a big chestnut gelding, laid his ears back and bared his teeth as they came near his stall.

"Don't go near that one, Mrs. Meredith," said Jackson, "he's a man-eater. He'd take a piece out of your shoulder without stopping to think about it. He's killed one man. He's all right when you're on him; but you can't trust him a yard in his stall."

"He won't touch me, Harvey," said the girl. "He knows me—don't you, Charlie?" she said to the horse, holding out a lump of sugar which she took from her pocket. The horse whickered and his ears went up as he took the sugar from her outstretched hand.

"My God," said Jackson, "I wouldn't do that for anything; he'd take my fingers off."

"I wouldn't go into his stall on a dark night," said Alice, "but I had that horse for a year. I bought him from Gwyn Tompkins and he knows me well. I'll bet you paid Waller a pretty figure for him, didn't you. Do you know what horse it is?"

"No," said Jackson, "I don't; I didn't know he had a history. Wal-

Major Yanez and it was to him that they turned *Chilena* over to when the Chilean Army Team came to the United States. *Chilena* headed the team and made three trips to the States for exhibitions.

This gallant little mare made quite an impression on all who saw her show and her death was certainly a great loss to the team.

ler told me he'd never been raced."

"Never been raced!" said Alice, "that's St. Charlote—he won a lot of steeplechases a few years ago, and then became such a savage that they had to retire him. Is he a good hunter?"

"Yes," said Jackson, "first-class—when he doesn't lose his temper and stop which isn't very often. He can jump anything if he wants to. Fancy my not recognizing him. Do you know any of these other horses of mine, Mrs. Meredith?"

"No," said Alice, "I don't think I do; but one never knows in these days, who or what one may come across in the hunting field, and a great many ex-race horses that are troubled with 'the slows' find their way into the hunting field. Just take Harry Colt, for example; I don't know where he gets most of his hunters from nowadays; but at one time, when his brother Jim was racing a great deal, a great many of his cast-off race horses found their way into Harry's hands. He made excellent hunters out of them too. I know that Henry Lincoln had four or five of them; he's a great believer in using cast-off steeplechasers in the hunting field. You people over here," she added, turning to Chetland, "don't believe in Thoroughbreds; you think they're too high-strung or too delicate, or something. But ask this man of mine," she indicated Jack,—"he's dealt with a lot of them in his day, and he can tell you that they make the very best—if they're properly handled. Don't they, Jack?"

"Indeed they do," came the answer, "they take a bit more time perhaps to make, but once they're made, they're just about 25 per cent better—in any country. I don't care whether it's in the Midlands, where they have beautiful going and tremendous big 'fly-fences' that they can spread themselves over; or whether it's in a cramped hilly country, where they have to creep and crawl, and the ability to do so without accidents means almost more than pace. They've got the brains and stamina and disposition to do it; and they'll always give all they've got. Moreover, if they fall, they'll get up—or try to. They won't lie on the ground, like as not on top of you, the way the damned Half-breds will."

"Better come and have some tea now," said Alice, "or, if you'd like to, Harvey, we'll stroll over to Locksley and have tea with Mrs. Welland, who bought your two hunters. She asked me to drop in any day I liked. What do you say, Jack? I think she'd amuse you, Harvey; she's a very charming and attractive woman—and a bit of a devil. She's younger than I am and much prettier."

"You take Harvey over there, Alice, and let the siren exert her charms upon him. I've got some things to attend to with Hardy this afternoon; I don't think I'll come. You'll have two cavaliers, with Harvey and Dick; but be sure that our American guest doesn't stray from the fold. She bought his horses, you know—not him!"

Jack found Geoffrey Hardy in his office at "Northeast House". The young agent was a most conscientious man and he often put in an hour or two on Sunday afternoons. Burton had just brought in his tea and, seeing the Master, said:—"Shall I get another cup, Sir? Perhaps you would like to have tea with Mr. Hardy."

"I would," said Jack, "I've got some business to talk over with him, and I would much rather have it here. Mrs. Meredith and the others are out to tea, Burton; so there'll be none in the library."

"Very good, Sir," said the butler. "I'll bring an extra cup."

When they had finished their tea, half an hour later, Meredith said to his agent: "Hardy, I want you to tell me something about this new tenant you've got for 'Locksley.' What do you know about her? How did you come to hear about her?"

"Well, Master," said the agent, "Simpson and Willis, the London solicitors, you know, wrote me about a week ago and said that they had a client who was looking for a small place in this vicinity to rent during the hunting season, and did we have anything that might suit her? 'Locksley' has been vacant for about six months, as you know. Old Mrs. Patterson, the last tenant, who had been there for many years, left no heirs, when she died, and I bought the furniture—everything in fact—at the executors' sale by your Uncle's request. He thought, and I agreed with him, that the house and stables might easily be let to someone who wanted to hunt here during the season; and I got them very reasonably. It looks as if he was right; for I wrote to them about it and, after sending their agent down to look the property over, they leased it from me, lock, stock and barrel. I asked them a very good figure; but they accepted without hesitation and said that their client would like vacant possession of it by the 15th of October, for six months. I didn't ask for any credentials; it didn't seem to me to be necessary; for they said the tenant was a client of theirs and they knew all about her. I hope I did right, Sir. She seems a most charming lady and her servants are evidently honest and respectable. Beyond that, I know nothing. I ought to have mentioned all this to you; but somehow it slipped my memory. I trust there's nothing wrong, Sir."

"No," said Jack, "I don't know that there is. Mrs. Meredith and I met her in the hunting field a few days ago, and she dined with us last night. I just wondered, that's all. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Meredith has gone to tea there this afternoon. You'll be out with us on Tuesday, I hope—you and your sister."

"Yes, Sir," said the agent, "We shall; we're looking forward to it very much. I hope everything is going all right, Sir, and, if I may, I should like to express the hope that we shall have you here as Master for a long time."

"Thanks you, Hardy," said Jack. "I think the chances are that you will. We're both very happy here; I hope the Country likes us."

"Indeed, Sir, they do," said the agent. "I hear nothing but appreciation of the grand sport you've been showing them. They tell me you had a cracking run on Friday. It must have been close to a seven-mile point, with only four or five at the end. I believe Mrs. Welland was one of them—as a matter of fact, I heard about it from her."

"So, she's got you on the string, has she, Harry? Do you know what my wife said to me the night she dined with us?"

"No, Sir."

"She said 'be careful, my lad'. I think perhaps I'd better say the same to you."

# In The Country:-



## Comes A Cropper

For a few minutes last Saturday it wasn't raining and Betsy Dancer and her week-end guest, Ellen Seipp, decided to ride from Kinloch to The Plains, Virginia post office to pick up the mail. Betsy's mount became frightened by the commotion caused by unloading a coal car and then the sudden appearance of several cyclists added the finishing touches. It was too much for **Madam X** and she and Betsy parted company. Betsy will be laid up for awhile with a broken leg.

## New 3-Year-Old

Mrs. Forrest Sherman of Washington, D. C. is all set for horse shows to start again. Her entry will be **Beal Walk**, a good looking 3-year-old by **Rathbeale—Widow's Walk**, purchased from Donald Hawkins of Boyce, Virginia, now stationed at the Front Royal Remount Depot.

## American Hounds

The Chronicle has a request for several couples of American Hounds which will form the nucleus of a new hunt which is just forming. If there are any readers who have some extra hounds, or know where they may be obtained, drop a card to the office at Middleburg.

## Back From The Pacific

Mrs. Arthur Lindley leased the Harry Frost farm for the hunting season and now she has a guest, Lt.-Comdr. Arthur Lindley who has just returned from the Pacific. Upon his arrival they were off on a three-week jaunt but now are back in Middleburg and were out with Middleburg Hounds on the 3rd.

## Chronicle To Germany

S/Sgt. Gaddis K. Canenah is now busily engaged in the business of war in Germany but finds time to enjoy his copies of The Chronicle. He says that his Chronicle is even more interesting to him over there. It makes him feel little less out of what goes on in the horse world over here.

## Leaves For Michigan

Capt. and Mrs. Lewis E. Murdock have been the visitors of Mrs. Murdock's father, W. P. Hulbert, near Middleburg, Virginia. Lewis has been stationed at Mitchell Field and left Wednesday to report at Selfridge Field, Michigan.

## Nurse's Aide

Natalie Hazard is taking it easy from her Nurses' Aide duties at White Sulphur Springs. Natalie is no doubt getting caught up on her sleep and rest while spending a month with her mother, Mrs. W. P. Hulbert. She didn't make it out with Middleburg Hounds Saturday but as she is a regular whenever hounds go out, she will no doubt get in some good days during her time off.

## Lt. Dulaney Randolph

Lt. Dulaney Randolph, son of Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H., Piedmont Hunt, returned to Grafton last week from Corpus Christi, Texas. Dulaney has been in the Navy for over three years, two of which were spent in the Pacific Theater where he was in several major engagements. Contracting a tropical fever, he was sent to Corpus Christi but reoccurrence of the fever caused his name to be placed on the inactive list because of this physical disability. With a splendid record behind him, Delaney is going to give a hand with the farm near Upperville, Virginia.

## Get Together

The Jack Skinners had quite a get together of the younger sportsmen at their home in Middleburg. Last Sunday the return of several of them, including Mrs. Skinner's son, Lt. Howard Kay, made it possible to make up a good party. Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. John Good, Mrs. Newell Ward, Jr., Lt. Dulaney Randolph, Capt. and Mrs. Lewis E. Murdock, Mrs. Richard Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Charles Morgan, the Frank Littletons, Betty Lyon, Col. George Wernbaker, Natalie Hazard, Elizabeth Hulbert were the guests.

## At Home

A well deserved rest is in store for Lt. Howard Kay, U. S. N. R., who has been in the service almost four years and recently returned from the Pacific area. Kay entered the Navy the day after he graduated from Yale and now faces the pleasant prospect of a leave from his activities.

## A New Paint Job

While Capt. Newell J. Ward, Jr. is on duty overseas, Mrs. Ward is busy at their Newmary Farm near Middleburg. Bettina has been flying back and forth from Clifton Farm to "supervise" the paint job at the house.

## Jumping Jocks

Neil Newman writes for The Blood-Horse on Steeplechase jockeys and since 1915 puts R. H. "Spec" Crawford at the top of the list of steeplechase riders, Fred Williams next, also "Dolly" Byers, Vincent Powers, Willie Allen, and John Kermath among the tops. Byers had a graceful seat, reflecting the training of his mentor, J. Howard Lewis. After these jockeys hung up their tack, he thought Francis Bellhouse the best of recent years. Bellhouse, whose father rode classic winners in England and France, was brought to this country by "Spec" Crawford.

Among the first-class amateur riders through the field not so long ago, George Bostwick and Rigan McKinney dominated the steeplechase sphere, but were topped by Harry Harwood, J. Howard Lewis, Foxhall P. Keene, and Harry Worcester Smith. Three of them rode against the best professionals of their day, such as Pat Meany, Andy Blakeley, Mikey Daly, "Gunner" Lynch—rough, tough jumping jocks whose main delight was putting a "gentleman rider" through a wing.

Harry Harwood would have held his own with Ray Crawford, Powers, and professionals of their skill as he

did with Meany, Blakeley, and Daly. Foxhall Keene's riding in the main was confined to races restricted to amateur riders, whereas J. Howard Lewis rode against the best professionals. It is for this reason he is ranked above the son of James R. Keene.

The blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked Harry Worcester Smith, when he rode through the field forty years ago, was the idol of such of the fair sex as went racing in that period. He usually rode his own horses. His violet and white silks added to his attractive appearance, and when he rode past the stands surrounded by a lot of tough Irish jocks he looked like an altar boy among a lot of apes. But Harry Worcester Smith never asked any favors of Ray, Mara, Barry, Veitch, Heider, and Finnegan and he invariably held his own.

## Buy WAR BONDS

### DO NOT DALLY

Our "Near Upperville" adv. of last week's Chronicle, "In The Country" page, 267 acres. The only changes are that the grass is greening up quite a bit, and that the owner's price is exactly \$19,000 cash. The home is worth \$9,000.

**F. W. Sharp & Son**  
P. O. The Plains, Va.  
Tel. Middleburg 22

### FOR SALE

#### Heavy Weight Hunter

Standing between 16.2 and 16.3. Ch. g. with blaze—3 white stockings—11 years old—marvelous disposition and very much a pet. Has been hunted, I believe, with East Aurora and Genesee Valley Hunts; with Country Club of Rochester Hunt, I know.

**Edward • Dickinson**

74 Brunswick St. Rochester 7, N. Y.

## Classified Ads

### FOR SALE

**FOR SALE**—Top Thoroughbred bay mare 7 yrs., 17 hands, by \*Ksar out of \*La Royale. Outstanding high and triple-bar jumper. Splendid hunter with show ring success and one year's experience with recognized hunt. Has been showed and hunted for over year by a lady. May be seen and tried at Charles Carrico's **Bradley Farms**, River Road, Bethesda, Md., tel. Wisconsin 2860. 3-2 3t ch

**FOR SALE**—Irish Brake built by Edward Callaman & Son, 10 passenger besides driver, beautifully upholstered in blue broadcloth, new red and black hand appliquéd paint, in perfect condition, almost a museum piece as well as thoroughly practical for hardest usage. \$450; set of double harness if desired. **Ballantrae, McLean, Va.** 3-9 3t ch

**FOR SALE**—3-year-old chestnut filly by **Sun Hatter—Dixie D.**, by Damrosch. Has never raced. Is sound and has good conformation for a hunter prospect and breeding to make excellent race filly. Price, \$500. **Noar H. Cooper, Geyer Rd., Huntleigh Village, St. Louis County, Mo.** 1t ch

**FOR SALE**—Pony. Dappled grey gelding, 6 years old, 13 hands. Has been shown with success in both hack and jumping classes and won lots of lead line classes. Has been hunted on both Junior and Senior hunts by boy ten years old for the past season. Grand manners and disposition and a perfect child's pony. Absolutely sound. Write **Mrs. Constance M. Todd, 97 Maple Lane, Richmond 21, Va.** Phone 60432. 3-9 2t ch

**FOR SALE**—Pony. Beautiful grey gelding 3 years old, 14 hands. Sired by registered Arabian stallion and out of Welsh mare. Has been hunted for the past season by 12 year old boy on both Junior and Senior Hunts. Quiet, intelligent and excellent manners and sound. Willing, safe hunter pony for a child. Write **Mrs. Constance M. Todd, 27 Maple Lane, Richmond 21, Va.** Phone 60432. 3-9 2t ch

**FOR SALE**—1944 High Score Jumper Champion. Inquire **Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.** Phone Scarsdale 677. 3-9 2t ch

### WANTED

**WANTED**—A two-horse trailer in good condition, good tires. Vicinity of New York. Box ECR, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-8 ft

**WANTED**—Couple. Attractive home in Pa. hunt country. Man do boots, breeches, gardening, butler; wife do cooking, downstairs work. Write references. **Mrs. John B. Hannum III, Unionville, Chester Co., Pa.** 3-2 ft

**WANTED**—Basket Saddle for child two years old. State condition and price. **Crefeld Farm, Plymouth Meeting, Penna.** 3-2 3t ch

**WANTED**—Second man in small, private show hunter stable. No riding. Should be single but couple would be suitable if wife would work as second maid. Top salary. Write **Bates Davidson, Hillcrest Road, Elmira, N. Y., or call Elmira 21343.** 3-2 ft

### MISCELLANEOUS

**HORSEMAN**—with various experience in teaching riding, modern jumping, hunting, schooling horses and management wishes suitable position with School, Club, private Show stable or Estate. Answer to: **Box 331, McLean, Virginia.** 3-9 ft

**TWO GIRLS** experienced with horses desire work on ranch for summer. Willing to work for board. **Box MG, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.** 3-2 4t ch

**EXPERIENCED** stable and breeding farm manager wishes position. Has successfully managed club and private stables. Good instructor. Would take job for summer at a camp or hotel. **Box AFC, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.** 1t pd

**FOR SALE**—Bright Bay Thoroughbred. **Red Slip**, registered middle weight hunter, 9, hunted in Virginia and Radnor Hunt country. Contact **William Yull, Agent, Radnor Hunt, Malvern, Pa.** 3-0-2t

**FOR SALE**—Registered Thoroughbred chestnut mare, 5 yrs. old, 16.1, schooled over jumps. Excellent prospect for hunting and showing. Price \$800. Write **Box WEM, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.** 3-9 ft

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